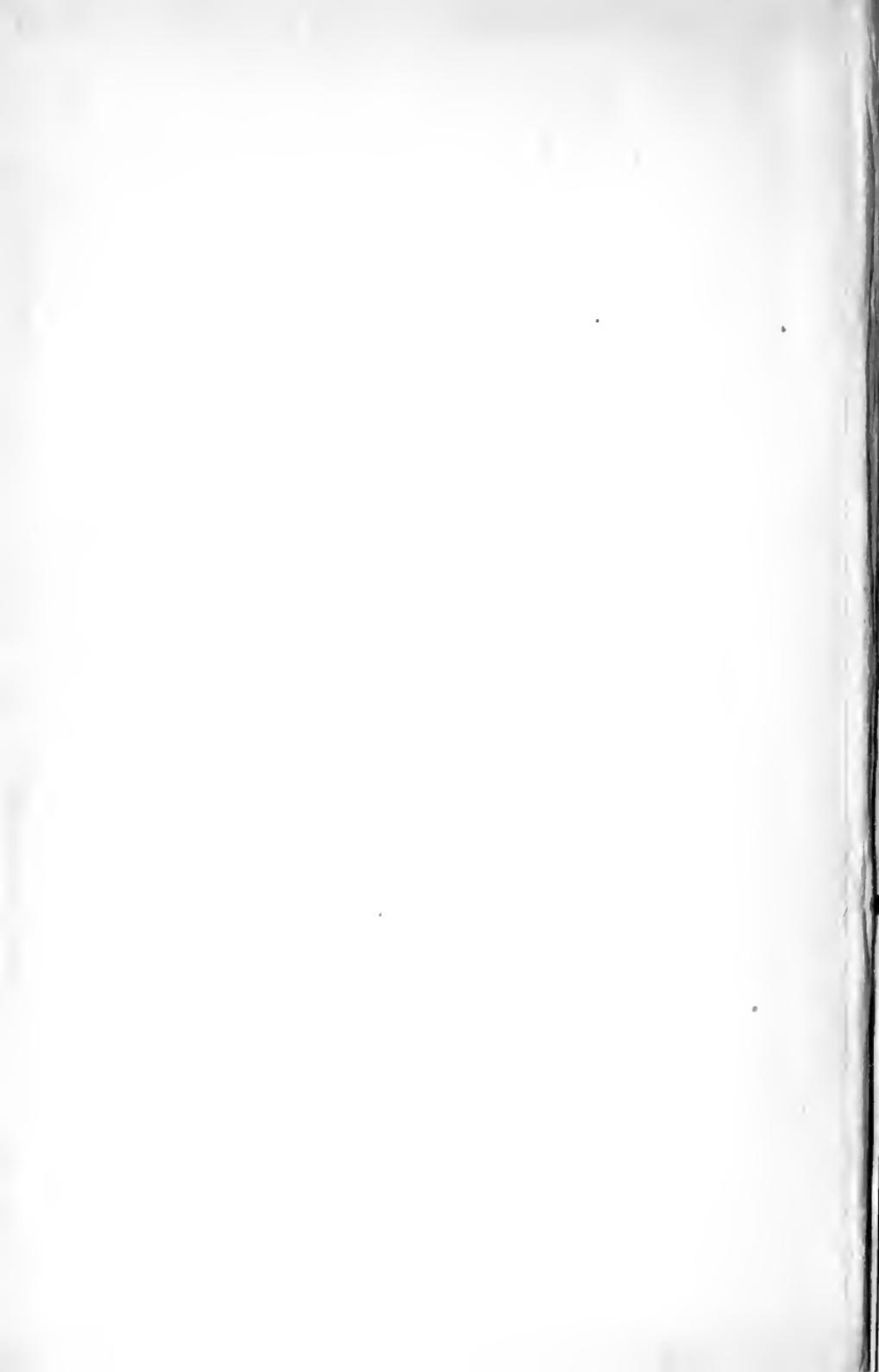
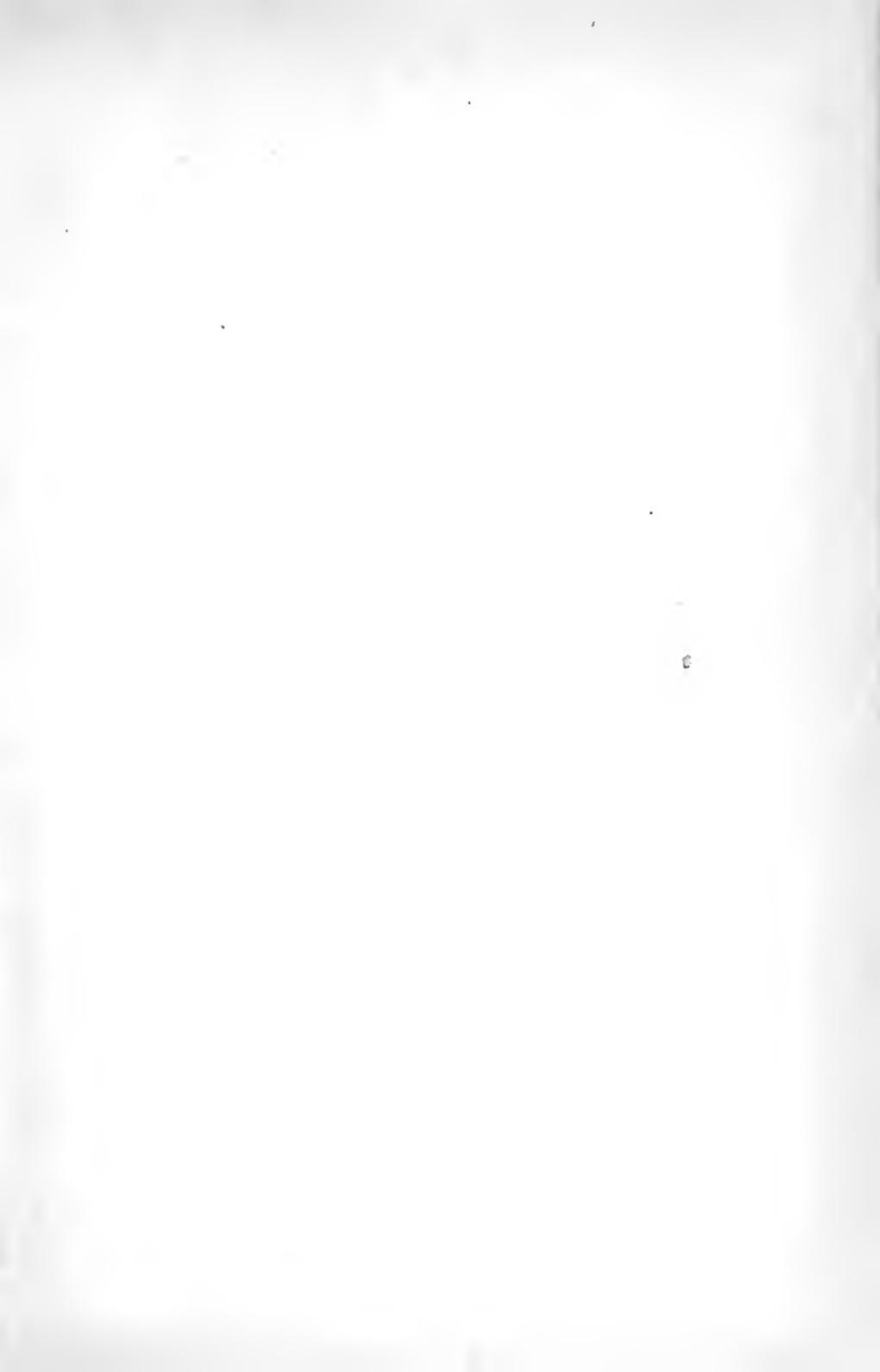


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THE
ÆNEID OF VERGIL



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THE ÆNEID OF VERGIL

BOOKS I—VI

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

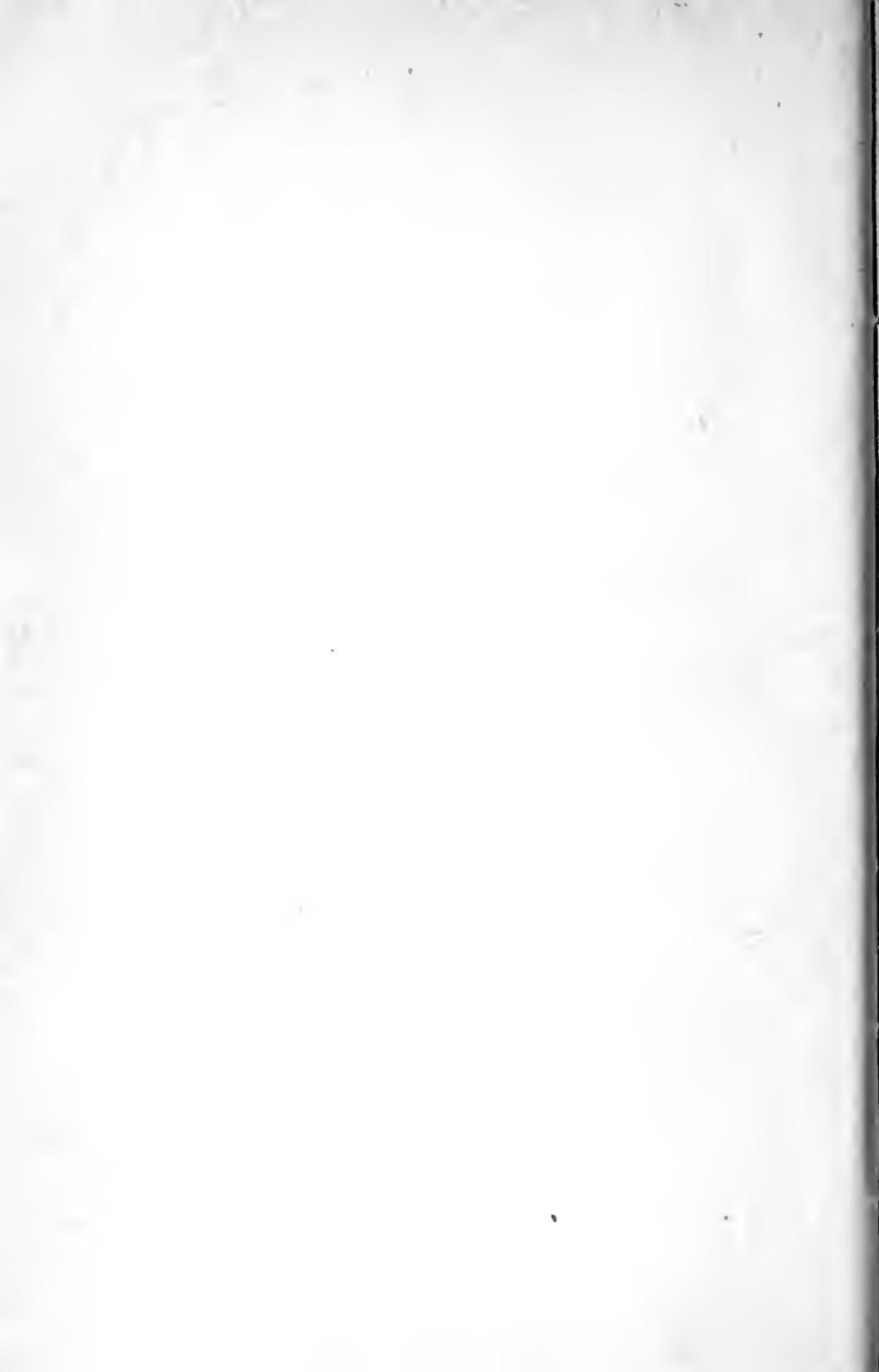
JAMES RHOADES

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LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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TO MY WIFE



P R E F A C E

To write a verse-translation of the *Æneid*, though the labour be one of love, must in the nature of things be a somewhat thankless undertaking : for in the first place, if it is impossible to reach perfection in the rendering of any poem from one language to another, it is past impossible, when the two languages are so remotely akin as Latin and English, and when the style of the author was, even in his own tongue, unapproachable for subtle delicacy and artistic finish : and secondly, even should he attain to a high degree of excellence, the qualified approval of a few scholars, and the thanks of an infinitesimal fraction of the reading public, are likely to be the translator's sole reward.

And yet it has seemed to me that, if one could produce a version of the *Æneid* that should be in itself an English poem, and at the same time a faith-

ful reflection of the original, neither adding to the text nor diminishing from it, such an achievement would be worth the time and labour required for the task. Admitting to the full the high standard that has been reached by some of my predecessors, though with the details of their work I have purposely kept myself unacquainted, I do not think that the prime virtue of a translator, namely absolute fidelity to the original—eschewing paraphrase where possible, and resisting all temptation to be brilliant on his own account—has hitherto been kept sufficiently in sight. I am far from supposing that in the present volume I have done more, myself, than honestly attempt it ; but it cannot be said to have been seriously attempted by those, however able and felicitous, who have hampered themselves at starting with the exigencies of a rhyming metre.

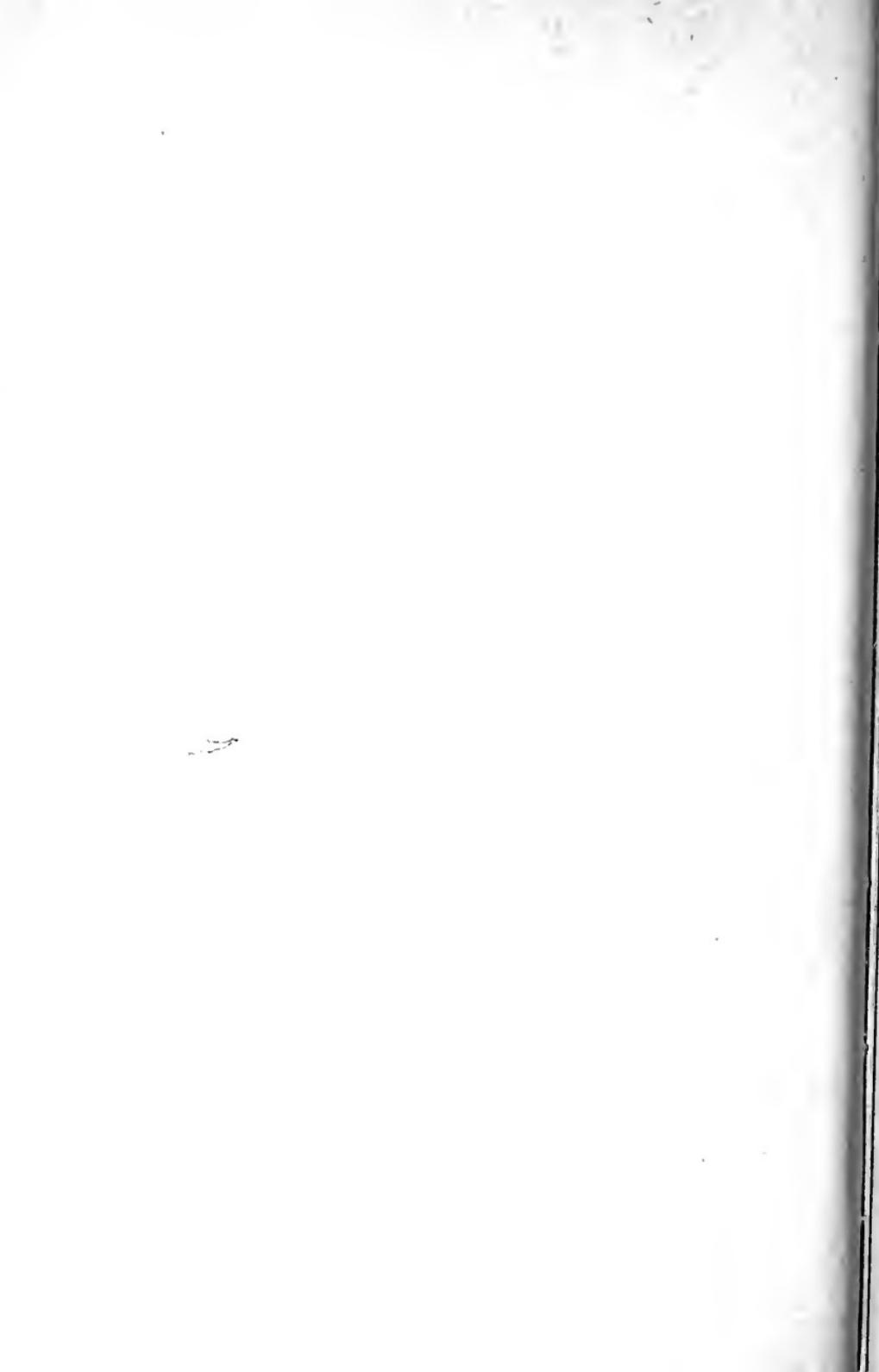
Notwithstanding the argument of Sir Charles Bowen in the Preface to his ‘*Virgil in English Verse*,’ I hold that lineal conformity is not a matter of the first importance, and that verbal closeness, or, at any rate, identity of meaning, is. For this reason I should in any case have chosen Blank Verse as the vehicle best adapted to my purpose : but, besides this, it is the metre of the English Epic, and therefore, in my opinion, the metre most fitted for reproducing the Epic

of another nation. Further, as a matter of personal taste, I feel that the deep seriousness, the pensive majesty, the underlying pathos of Vergil's poetry, are fundamentally incompatible with any measure more rapid than the English Iambic ; I can conceive nothing less like the Vergilian cadence than what Milton terms 'the jingling sound of like endings' ; nor, on the other hand, do I know of anything that savours so much of Vergil as parts of the Blank Verse of Milton and of Cowper.

Such is the substance of my defence against possible assailants of the metre which I have selected, and also my apology to critics and readers for venturing to add my 'sum of more to that which' already perhaps in their opinion 'hath too much.'

It seems almost superfluous to state that in the present work, as in my translation of the Georgics, the debt I owe to the late Professor Conington's writings is incalculable. And I would also here express my sense of obligation to Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, from whom, in the way of warm encouragement and friendly criticism, I have received more help than any book could give.

THE OLD GARTH, READING :
January 10, 1893.



THE ÆNEID

BOOK I

ÆNEID I

I-II

Of arms I sing, and of the man who first
From Trojan shores beneath the ban of fate
To Italy and coasts Lavinian came,
Much tossed about on land and ocean he
By violence of the gods above, to sate
Relentless Juno's ever-rankling ire,
In war, too, much enduring, till what time
A city he might found him, and bear safe
His gods to Latium, whence the Latin race,
And Alba's sires, and lofty-towering Rome.

Say, Muse, what outrage to her power the cause,
Or angered why, the Queen of Heaven constrained
A man, so marked for goodness, still to ply
The round of peril, bear the brunt of toil :
In heavenly breasts do such fierce passions dwell ?

There was an ancient city, the abode
 Of Tyrian settlers, Carthage, far to sea
 Facing Italia and the Tiber-mouths,
 Wealthy of substance, and in war's pursuit
 None fiercer, far beyond all lands, 'tis said,
 To Juno dearest—Samos c'en less dear.
 Here were her arms; her chariot here ; that this
 Should, fate consenting, a world-empire be,
 E'en then the goddess bent her cherished aim.
 Nathless she had heard that from the blood of Troy
 A race was rearing, destined to o'erthrow
 Her Tyrian towers ; that issuing hence should come
 A people of wide empire, lords of war,
 To ravage Libya : such the round of fate.
 Moved by this fear, ^{Juno} Sajurnia, and therewith
 Still mindful of the former strife, which erst
 At Troy for her dear Argos she had waged—
 Nor were the quarrel's causes and fierce pangs
 Yet banished from her soul ; in memory's depth
 Lie stored the doom of Paris, and the affront
 Of her spurned beauty, and that loathèd stock,
 And the high prize of ravished Ganymede—
 Fired with these thoughts beside, the Trojan few,
 'Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell,
 Still must she keep upon wide ocean tossed
 Aloof from Latium ; and for many a year
 They roamed, fate-driven, through all the circling
 seas : ^{languor}
 Such ~~noil~~ it cost to found the Roman race.

Scarce out of sight of the Sicilian land
To sea-ward they were sailing cheerily,
Tilting the salt foam with each brazen beak,
When Juno, nursing in her bosom's depth
The undying wound, thus with her own soul spake :
'I to shrink foiled from my design, too weak
To ward the Teucrians' king from Italy,
Because the fates forbid me ! and could Pallas
Burn up the Argive galleys, and their crews
Drown in the deep, for one man's mad offence,
Ajax, Oileus' son ? With her own hand
She, hurling from the clouds Jove's nimble fire,
Scattered their barks, with winds upheaved the sea,
And him, from riven breast panting forth the flames,
Upwhirled and staked upon a pointed rock :
But I, who walk the queen of heaven, at once
Sister and spouse of Jove, with one weak race
These many years am warring ; and is there left
Still who to Juno's godhead bows the knee,
Or lays a suppliant's offering on her shrine ?'

Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,
Lo ! to the storm-clouds' home, Æolia, tracts
Teeming with furicus gales, the goddess came.
Here in a vast cave Æolus, their king,
The wrestling winds and roaring hurricanes
Bends to his sway and curbs with prison-chains ;
They, with a mighty rumbling of the hill,
Growl chafing round their barriers ; on the height,
Sceptre in hand, aloft sits Æolus,

And sleeks their passions and allays their ire ;
Else would they hale sea, land, and vaulted heaven
In their wild flight, and sweep them into space.
But with this fear the sire omnipotent
Penned them in caverns dark, and o'er them piled
The bulk of lofty mountains, and a king
He gave them, who by settled bond should know
To grip the reins, or slacken, at his word.
Him Juno then with suppliant voice addressed :

‘Æolus, for to thee the sire of gods
And king of men hath given to soothe the waves
Or lift them with his wind, a race to me
Hateful, now sailing o'er the Tuscan deep,
Bears Ilium and her conquered household gods
To Italy : strike wrath into the winds,
Sink and o'erwhelm their barks, or sunder far
And broadcast fling their bodies on the deep.
Twice seven fair nymphs of matchless mould have I,
Of whom Dciopea, fairest-formed,
In lasting wedlock will I knit with thee,
And dedicate her thine, that all her years
She for such service at thy side may spend,
And make thee father of a race as fair.’

Then answered Æolus : ‘Thy task, O queen,
Is to search out thy pleasure, mine to do
Thy bidding : of thy grace is all I own
Of power, this sceptre, and consenting Jove ;
Thou set'st me in the banquet-hall of heaven,
And mak'st me ruler of the clouds and storms.’

So having said, his spear he turned and thrust
Against the hollow mountain-side : the winds
As in compact array, where vent is given,
Rush forth and with tornado scour the world,
Swoop on the sea, and from its sunken bed
Upheave it whole in one wild onset, east,
South, and southwester with thick-coming squalls,
And roll huge billows to the shore. Anon
Rises the creak of cables, cry of men :
Clouds in a moment from the Trojans' eyes
Snatch heaven and day ; black night broods o'er the
deep :

Skies thunder ; the air lightens, flash on flash ;
No sign abroad but bodes them instant death.
Straight are Æneas' limbs with shuddering loosed ;
He groans, and, stretching his clasped hands to
heaven,
Thus cries aloud : ‘ O thrice and four times blest
Who won to die beneath Troy's lofty towers
Under their kinsmen's eyes ! O Tydeus' son,
Bravest of Danaan blood ! to think that I
On Ilium's plains was suffered not to fall,
Nor at thy hand pour forth my spirit, where
Fierce Hector by the son of Æacus
Lies stricken low, where huge Sarpedon, where,
Caught down beneath his current, Simois rolls
Shields, helms, and bodies of the countless brave ! ’

Such words out-tossing, a loud blast from the north
Strikes him full-sail, and lifts the floods to heaven :

Crash go the oars, then swerves the prow ; the waves
Receive her broadside : on rolls, heaped and sheer,
A watery mountain : on the wave-tops some
Hang poised ; to some the sea deep-yawning shows
Bare ground amid the billows, surge with sand
Raving ; three ships the south wind's sudden clutch
Hurls upon hidden rocks—Italian folk
Name them the Altars rising 'mid the waves—
A vast ridge on the sea-top : three the east
Drives on to banks and shallows from the deep,
A piteous sight, and breaks them on the shoals,
And heaps the sand about them : one which bore
The Lycians and Orontes true of heart,
E'en as he gazes, a huge sea astern
Strikes from above : dashed headlong from on board
Down goes the pilot : her, e'en where she lies
Spun whirling thrice, the eddying gulf devours.
Scattered here there upon the weltering waste
Swimmers are seen, and heroes' arms, and planks,
And Trojan wealth upon the water strewn.
Now the stout ship of Ilioneus, and now
Of brave Achates, that which bare on board
Abas, and that too of Aletes cld,
The storm hath quelled ; with rib-joints loosened, all
Let in the watery foe, and gaping split.

Meanwhile that ocean was one roaring mass,
And a storm launched, and all his water-floods
Wrung from their lowest deeps, was Neptune ware,
And sorely chafed he : o'er the deep he peered,

Above the billow lifting a calm brow :
Far scattered over all the main he sees
Æneas' fleet, he sees the Trojans whelmed
Beneath the waters and the fallen sky,
Nor from her brother's heart were hid the wiles
And spite of Juno : to his side he bids
Eurus and Zephyr, and bespeaks them thus :
' Holds you such blind reliance on your birth ?
So ! dare ye now without my fiat, winds,
Mix earth and heaven, and mass these mountain-
heights ?

Whom I — But best the uproared floods appease
Not all so lightly shall ye answer me
Your trespasses hereafter. Speed betimes !
And say ye to your king, not his, but mine
The empire and fell trident of the sea
By lot assigned. He sways the savage rocks,
Of thee, O Eurus, and thy tribe the home :
Let Æolus hold court and vaunt him there,
And rule close-barred the prison of the winds.'

So saying, and swifter than that word, he smoothes
The swelling waters, routs the banded clouds,
Brings back the sun. Cymothoe therewithal,
And Triton lends his shoulder to thrust off
From the sharp rock their vessels ; he himself
Upheaves them with his trident, and makes way
Through the vast quicksands, and allays the flood,
And skims the wave-top lightly charioted.
And as when oft in some vast throng hath risen

A tumult, and the base herd waxeth mad,
And brands and stones, wrath-furnished weapons, fly,
Then, if some hero chance upon their sight,
Of weight for worth or exploit, they are hushed
And stand all ear to listen ; with his words
He sways their passion, soothes their ruffled breasts ;
So all at once the roar of ocean died,
What time, forth peering o'er the main, the sire
Borne on a cloudless heaven his coursers drove,
And flying gave his willing chariot way.

Toil-worn the children of Æneas strive
To make what shores are nearest, and at length
To Libya's coast they come. There is a spot
Deep in a cove's recess : an isle there makes
A harbour with the barrier of its sides,
'Gainst which no deep-sea billow but is dashed,
And sundered into wavelets far withdrawn.
On either side huge cliffs, a towering pair,
Frown up to heaven ; sheer down in shelter sleep
Broad waters, while, a scene of waving woods,
Black shaggy groves hang beetling from above.
Under the cliff's face is a crag-hung cave ;
Within, fresh springs and seats in the living rock
Nymph-haunted : the tired ships, to moor them here,
No cables need, nor hookèd anchor's fang.
Here, mustering seven from all his tale of ships,
Æneas enters ; yearning sore for land,
Outleap the Trojans, gain the wished-for beach,
And lay their brine-drenched limbs upon the shore.

Achates from a flint first struck the spark,
And nursed the fire in leaves, and, heaping round
Dry fuel, on tinder quickly caught the flame.
Then sea-marred corn they fetch, fate-sick, and gear
Of the corn-goddess, and their rescued grain
To parch with fire prepare and pound with stone.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a crag, to scan
In one wide survey all the sea, if aught
Of Antheus and the Phrygian biremes there
Wind-drifted he may spy, or Capys, or
Caucus' arms upon the lofty stern.
Vessel in sight is none, on shore he sees
Three stags before him ranging ; in their rear
The whole herd follow, and in long array
Wind feeding through the valleys. Then he stopped,
Seized in his clutch a bow and winged shafts—
Weapons which true Achates chanced to bear—
And first themselves the leaders, holding high
Their heads with branchy antlers, he lays low,
And then the herd, and all the rout pell-mell
Plies with his arrows through the leafy brakes,
Nor stays his hand till seven huge frames on earth
He casts in triumph, to match the tale of ships.
Thence to the port he hies, gives all their share,
And next the wine, which on Trinacria's shore
In casks Acestes had in bounty stowed—
A hero's gift at parting—he metes out,
And soothes their sorrowing breasts with suchlike
words :

'O comrades, for not all unlearned of ills,
Are we already—O schooled to worser woes
Than these, of these too heaven will grant an end.
E'en Scylla's fury and deep-bellowing rocks
Have ye drawn nigh, and proved the Cyclop-crags :
Courage recall ; dull fears forego ; belike
This too one day will be with joy remembered.
Through shifting perils, by many a brink of death,
Toward Latium are we faring, where the fates
Portend us quiet resting-places : there
The realm of Troy must from her ashes rise :
Endure, and hoard yourselves for happier days.'

So spake his lips, while, sick with extreme woe,
Hope's mask he wears, and chokes the anguish
down.

They to the spoil, the feast that is to be,
Address them, slay the ribs, the flesh lay bare ;
Part cleave it into pieces, and on spits
Still quivering-fresh impale them ; other some
Set caldrons on the shore, and tend the fires.
Then with the food they summon back their
strength,

And stretched upon the greensward take their fill
Of old wine and fat venison. When good cheer
Had banished hunger, and the board was cleared,
In endless talk for their lost mates they yearn,
'Twixt hope and fear uncertain whether still
Among the quick to deem them, or e'en now
Suffering the worst, and deaf to their last cry.

And chiefly good Æneas, now the fate
Of keen Orontes, now of Amycus,
And inly, Lycus, thine untimely doom,
And for brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, mourns.

— And now they had ended, when from heights of
air

Down-glancing on the sail-flown sea, and lands
With shores and widespread peoples stretched be-
low,

Jupiter thus upon the cope of heaven
Made pause, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realm.
Him then, such cares revolving in his breast,
Sadder than wont, her bright eyes brimmed with
tears,

Venus bespeak : 'O thou who swayest the tides
Of men and gods with sovereign power eterne,
And scar'st them with thy bolt, what crime so dire
Can my Æneas, what the sons of Troy
Have wrought to-thee-ward, that against them now,
By death so minished, the whole world stands barred,
And all for Italy ? Surely that from these
Should one day issue with revolving years
The Romans, ay, from these the warrior-chiefs
Of Teucer's blood requickened, born to rule
All-potent sea and land, thou promisedst :
What purpose, sire, has warped thee ? I indeed
Hereby, with counter-fate requiting fate,
Oft solaced me for Troy's sad overthrow ;
But the same fortune, that pursued so long,

Still dogs them with disaster. Mighty king,
What end dost thou vouchsafe them of their toils?
Antenor, from the Achæan midst escaped,
Could thrid Illyria's windings all unscathed,
Far inward to Liburnian realms, and pass
The well-springs of Timavus, whence the sea
Bursts through nine mouths 'mid thunder of the
rocks,
And whelms his fields beneath the roaring main.
Yet here Patavium's city founded he,
To be his Teucrians' dwelling-place, and named
The nation, and hung high the arms of Troy;
Now rests he tranquil, lulled in calm repose:
But we, thine offspring, whom thy nod assigns
The height of heaven, our ships—O misery!—lost,
To slake one wrathful spirit are forsook,
And sundered far from the Italian coast.
Is this the good man's guerdon? Dost thou so
Restore us to our empire?

Upon her

Smiling with that regard, wherewith he clears
Tempestuous skies, the sire of men and gods
His daughter's lips touched, and bespake her thus:
'Truce, Cytherea, to thy fears, and know
Unshaken stand thy children's destinies:
Lavinium's city and predestined walls
Thou shalt behold, and in thine arms up-bear
High-souled Aeneas to the stars of heaven;
Nor hath my purpose warped me. This, thy son—

For I, to ease thy gnawing care, will speak,
From fate's dark roll her inmost secrets wring—
Shall wage a mighty war in Italy,
Crush the proud folk, and for his warriors found
A city and a system, till the third
Summer hath seen him lord in Latium,
Three winters o'er the vanquished Rutules sped.
But young Ascanius, newly now surnamed
Iulus—Ilus was he while enthroned
Stood Ilium's State—shall compass in his reign
Thirty great cycles with revolving months,
And from Lavinium shift his empire's seat,
And Alba Longa's ramparts rear with power :
Here now shall reign full thrice a hundred years
Great Hector's line, till Ilia, royal maid
And priestess, shall twin offspring bear to Mars,
Their sire ; then glorying in the tawny hide
Of the she-wolf, his nurse, shall Romulus
Take up the nation, build the war-god's town,
And call them Romans after his own name.
For these no bounds of power, no times I fix,
An endless empire grant them. Nay, fierce Juno,
Who now with terror scares earth, sea, and heaven,
Shall turn to kinder counsels, and with me
Cherish the Romans, masters of the world,
The toga'd nation. So hath heaven decreed.
A time shall come with gliding lustres, when
The house of Assaracus to her yoke shall bow
Phthia and famed Mycenæ, and bear sway

O'er conquered Argos. From that glorious line,
Of Troy descending, Cæsar shall be born,
Destined to bound with ocean his domain,
As with the stars his glory, Julius,
A name bequeathed from great Iulus. Him,
Laden with eastern spoils, shalt thou one day
Hold safe in heaven : to him too prayers shall rise.
Then wars shall cease, the rugged times grow mild ;
Hoar Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus then
Yoked with his brother Remus, shall give laws ;
Grim-knit with bolts of iron War's temple-gates
Close-barred shall be, while hellish Rage within
High on a grisly pile of arms, his hands
Brass-bound behind him with a hundred knots,
Shall roar terrific from blood-boltered mouth.'

So saying, he sends down Maia's son from heaven,
That Carthage her new towers and lands might ope
To greet the Teucrians, lest, unlearned of fate,
Dido repel them. Through the vast of air
His plumèd oars he plies, on Libya's strand
Has swift alighted ; ay, e'en now he is
About his errand ; the god wills, and lo !
Those haughty hearts the Punic folk put by ;
Their queen in chief toward the Teucrian host
Now harbours gentle thoughts and kind desires.

But good Aeneas, all night long perplexed
With many a care, when first the genial boon
Of light was given, resolved to issue forth,
Search out the new land, and what shores he hath
gained

By the wind's grace, whether by man or beast—
So savage seem they—tenanted, then bear
Back to his friends the tidings of his quest.
In woody creek beneath a hollow rock
His fleet he hides, by trees and bristling shades
Closely embosomed, then himself strides forth,
Achates sole beside him, in his hand
Two javelins brandishing broad-tipped with iron.
Him, half the wood-way through, his mother met,
In face and garb a maiden, armed with gear
Of Spartan damsel, or like her of Thrace,
Harpalyce, what time she tires her steeds,
Outspeeding arrowy Hebrus in her flight.
For from her shoulders huntress-wise was slung
A shapely bow ; her tresses she let trail
Upon the winds, bare-kneed, her flowing folds
Close gathered in a knot. Ere he could speak,
' Ho ! ' cried she, ' youths, if ye have chanced to spy
One of my sisters, tell me where she strays,
With quiver and spotted lynx-skin girt, or else
Hard on the track of foaming boar, full cry.'
So Venus, and in answer Venus' son :
' None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
O—damsel must I name thee ? for thy face
Nor mortal seems, nor human rings thy voice :
O goddess surely, or Phœbus' sister thou,
Or of the blood of nymphs, whoe'er thou art,
Be kind, uplift the burden of our woe,
And deign to say what heaven bends over us,

Cast on what borders of the world : for here
Witless of country or of folk we roam,
By winds and mighty billows hither driven.
So on thine altars at our hand shall fall
Full many a victim.'

Then spake Venus : ' Nay,
Not mine to claim such worship ; Tyrian maids
Wont thus to wear the quiver, and bind their limbs
High with the purple buskin. Here thou seest
The Punic realm, a Tyrian people, this
Agenor's city, but all the borderland
Libyan, a race untamable in war.
Dido, whom erst from Tyre a brother's fear
Banished, now reigns their empress ; 'tis a long
And tangled tale of outrage, but the main
Threads I will trace. Sychæus was her spouse,
In all Phœnicia lord of widest lands :
Fondly, poor heart, she loved him, by her sire
A virgin given, and in first bridal yoked.
But reigned o'er Tyre a monster-king of crime,
Pygmalion, her brother, and there came
Fury between them. At the household shrine,
Impious and blinded by the lust of gold,
With stealthy stroke at unawares he slays
Sychæus, all reckless of his sister's love.
Long he concealed the deed, by many a base
Dissimulation with illusive hope
Fooling the love-sick bride. But in her sleep
Uprose the form of her unburied lord,

That, lifting a face pale in wondrous wise,
Laid bare the ruthless altar, and therewith
His steel-pierc'd bosom, and unveiled to view
All the dark horror of the household crime.
Then from her home at swiftest speed to hie
He bids her, and for aid upon the way
Unlocks old treasures in the earth concealed,
Store known to none of silver and of gold.
Scared at the tale, Dido her flight prepares
And friends to fly with : round her throng, whom fierce
Hate for the tyrant, or keen terror, filled ;
Chance-proffered ships they seize, and lade with gold :
Pygmalion's treasures from his gripe are borne
O'er seas, a woman piloting the way.
So to the place they came, where now thou spyest
The lofty walls and rising citadel
Of new-built Carthage, and of land they bought—
Called Byrsa from their bargaining—so much
As with a bull's hide they might compass round.
But who are ye, sirs, from what shores arrived,
Or on what journey bound ?' So questioned, he
With accents from his deepest heart-springs drawn,
Sighing, replied :

‘ Goddess, should I recount
From their first source, and wert thou free to hear,
Our sorrows' sad recital, eve would first
Put day to sleep, and shut the gates of heaven.
From ancient Troy, if haply through thine ears
Troy's name has entered, borne o'er many a main,

The wind's whim drove us to the Libyan shores.
Men call me good Æneas ; in this fleet
Snatched from the foe my household gods I bring,
In fame extolled above the stars. My goal
Is Italy, my country, and a race
Sprung from high Jove. With twice ten ships I
climbed
The Phrygian main, by fate's clear promise led,
My goddess-mother pointing me the way ;
Scarce seven remain, by winds and waters riven.
Myself the while, a beggar and unknown,
Range here the Libyan waste, an outcast banned
From Europe and from Asia.' His sad plaint
Venus could bear no longer, but broke in
Thus on his grief's mid utterance :

‘ Whosoe'er

Thou art, not all unloved, methinks, of heaven
Draw'st thou the breath of life, who thus hast reached
Our Tyrian city : but go forward still,
And hence to the queen's palace win thy way :
For news I bring thee of thy friends' return,
Thy fleet in harbour, by the shifting gales
To shelter driven ; or idly and for naught
My parents schooled me in prophetic lore.
See yonder swans twice six in jubilant line,
Which from the skiey region with his swoop
Jove's bird was routing o'er the plains of heaven :
Now in long train they seem some lighting-ground
To choose, or, chosen, to eye it from above :

As these, returned, with hurtling pinions play,
 Wheel in one flock through heaven, and utter songs,
 So, of thy ships and friends aboard them, some
 Are safe in port, and some with swelling sails
 Now make the harbour : only do thou still
 Go forward, follow where the pathway leads.'

She spake, and turning shone with rosy neck ;
 Her head's ambrosial locks breathed scent divine ;
 And, as her robe flowed downward to her feet,
 She stepped no doubtful goddess. When he knew
 His mother, her fleeting form he thus pursued,
 Crying, ' Ah ! cruel thou too, wherefore mock
 Thy son so oft with semblances untrue ?
 Why may I never clasp thy hand in mine,
 Or hear unfeignèd accents and reply ?'
 So chiding, toward the town he wends his way.
 But Venus with a dark haze hedged them in,
 As on they strode, and a thick mantling mist
 Miraculous shed over them, that none
 Might see, or touch, or compass them delay,
 Or ask their cause of coming. She herself
 Aloft to Paphos hies, her loved abode
 Blithe to revisit, where her temple stands,
 And with Sabæan incense ever smoke
 A hundred altars, fragrant with fresh flowers.

Meanwhile, where points the track, they speed
 their way,
 And now the hill they climb, that o'er the town
 Hangs huge, and frowns above the opposing towers.

Æneas marvels at the mighty mass,
Mere huts of yore, he marvels at the gates,
The busy din and paving of the ways.
The Tyrians in hot haste are building walls,
Rearing a citadel, and uprolling rocks
By toil of hand ; some choose a dwelling site,
And with a trench surround it : they appoint
An awful senate, laws, and magistrates.
Here these are digging harbours, yonder those
Lay deep foundations for a theatre,
And hew gigantic columns from the rocks,
Lofty adornments of a stage to be.
Such toil in early summer as keeps the bees
Busy in sunshine amid flowery fields,
When forth they lead the ripe youth of their race,
Or pack the amber-dripping honey, and stretch
Their cells to bursting with the nectar sweet,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band, and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd : how glows the work !
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme !
O happy ye, whose walls already rise,
Exclaims Æneas, toward the city-roofs
Upgazing, and so enters through their midst,
Hedged in with darkness, marvellous to tell
And mingles with the folk, unseen of all.

Within the city's midst a grove there stood
Bounteous of shade, where first the Punic host,
Scaped from the brunt of whirlwind and of wave,

Dug forth, as queenly Juno had foreshown,
The symbol of a fiery horse's head :
For so, said she, their race should ever prove
Peerless in war and with abundance blest.
Sidonian Dido here a mighty fane
To Juno's praise was rearing, rich with gifts
And with the indwelling goddess : see ! of brass
High on ascending steps the threshold lay,
And clenched with brass the lintels, of brass too
The doors on creaking hinges. In this grove
A strange sight met him, that first soothed his fear ;
Here first Æneas dared for safety hope,
And in his broken fortunes firmlier trust.
For 'neath the mighty fane while he surveys
Point after point, still waiting for the queen,
And marvels at the city, as he marks
What fortune hers, her craftsmen's emulous hands
And toil of labour, there set forth he sees
The battlefields of Ilium, and the war
By fame now bruited over the whole world,
Priam and Atreus' sons, and, bane of both,
Achilles. With arrested steps he cries
Weeping, ' What place, Achates, or what clime
But with the story of our grief o'erflows ?
See Priam ! e'en here too honour hath its meed,
And there are tears for what befalls, and hearts
Touched by the chances of mortality.
Fear naught, and thou shalt find this fame will bring
Some safety with it.' He spake, and feasts his soul

Upon the empty picture, sighing sore,
His face all bathed with grief's abundant flow.
For, as they fought round Pergamus, behold !
Here fled the Greeks, Troy's bravest at their heels,
The Phrygians here, Achilles in his car
With crested helm pursuing. Nor far aloof
With tears he knew the snowy-canvassed tents
Of Rhesus, which, in the first sleep betrayed,
Red Tydeus' son was deluging with blood,
Who campward now drives off the fiery steeds,
Or e'er on Trojan pastures they had browsed,
Or drunk of Xanthus. Elsewhere was portrayed,
His arms in flight flung from him, Troilus :
Poor boy ! for with Achilles overmatched,
Dragged by his steeds to the void car he clings,
Thrown backward, and yet grasping still the reins :
Neck, see ! and hair are trailed along the ground,
And his reversed spear scribbles in the dust.
Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine
Of unregardful Pallas passed along
Bearing the peplus, all their tresses loosed,
As suppliant mourners with hand-bruisèd breasts ;
On earth the goddess with averted gaze
Her eyes was fixing. There Achilles too
Had thrice dragged Hector round the walls of Troy,
And now was bartering his dead corse for gold.
Then from the bottom of his heart he heaved
A mighty groan, when he beheld the spoils,
The chariot, nay, the body of his friend,

And Priam outstretching his defenceless hands.
Himself too there among the Achæan chiefs
He recognised, and dusky Memnon's arms
And eastern warriors. With their moonèd shields
Penthesilea like a fury leads
The Amazonian ranks, and blazes forth
Amid her thousands, one protruding breast
Looped with a golden girdle—warrior-queen,
Who dares the shock of battle, maid with men.

Now while Æneas the Dardan at this sight
Marvels, beholding, while amazed he stands
In one fixed gaze immovable, the queen,
Dido, in matchless beauty to the fane,
Thronged with a mighty company, has come.
As by Eurotas' banks, or on the heights
Of Cynthus, when Diana plies the dance—
A thousand Oreads upon either side
Massed in her train—she on her shoulder bears
A quiver, and as she treads o'er tops them all—
A secret rapture thrills Latona's breast—
Such Dido seemed, so moved she through their
midst

Rejoicing, busied with her realm to be.
Then in the sacred portals and beneath
The mid vault of the temple, hedged with arms,
Propped high upon a throne, her seat she took.
There laws and judgments gave she to her folk,
Now meting forth their tasks in equal shares,
Now doling them by lot : when suddenly

'Mid a great throng Æneas sees approach
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,
And other Teucrians whom the black typhoon
Had scattered o'er the main, or swept afar
To alien shores. Achates and his chief,
Thrilled and bewildered betwixt joy and fear,
Yearn eagerly to clasp their hands, but still,
By the strange fact confounded, make no sign,
And from their cloudy covering watch to learn
The heroes' fortunes, on what shore their fleet
They are leaving, with what hope arrived, for lo !
From all the ships came envoys craving grace,
And with loud clamour making for the shrine.

So when they had entered and gat leave to speak,
Their eldest, Ilioneus, thus took the word
With heart unruffled : ' O queen, whom Jove assigns
To found a virgin city, and curb in
Unbending nations with the reins of law,
We Trojans, tempest-driven from sea to sea,
In bitter case implore thee, from our ships
Ward off the unutterable doom of fire :
Spare us, a pious race, and on our plight
Look with no distant eyes. We have not come
To harry with the sword your Libyan homes,
Or seize the spoil, and drive it to the shore :
Such lawlessness we like not, nor so prone
Are conquered men to insolence. There is
A spot, by Greeks Hesperia named, a land
Of old renown, mighty in arms, in soil

Prolific, where the Ænotrian heroes dwelt,
Now by a later race named Italy,
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.
Thither our course we held, when, big with storm,
Orion, rising with a sudden sea,
Drove us on hidden shoals, and scattered us
Far athwart billows of o'ertoppling brine
And pathless rocks, before the headstrong south :
Hither we few have floated to your shores.
What race of men is this ? What land allows
Custom so cruel ? The welcome of the shore
Denied, they dare us at sword's point set foot
Upon the utmost margin of their land.
If men and mortal arms ye hold so light,
Yet look for gods mindful of right and wrong.
Æneas was our king, none juster, none
More famed for goodness, or for feats of war.
If fate still spare that hero, if he still
Feeds on the air of heaven, nor yet is laid
In cruel darkness, naught have we to fear ;
No, nor wouldest thou repent thee to have been
His challenger in kindness. Cities too
And arms to aid in Sicily have we,
And Prince Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.
Let us but haul our battered fleet ashore,
Fit planks in the forest, and trim oars, that if
Vouchsafed us still to make for Italy,
Comrades and king restored, with hearts elate
To Italy and Latium we may go ;

But if cut off our safety, and if thee,
Best father of the Teucrians, Libya's deep
Holds in its keeping, and no hope is now
Left in Iulus, we at least may seek
Sicania's strait from whence we sailed, the homes
There waiting, and Accestes for our king.'
So Ilioneus ; and instant with one mouth
Clamoured assent the sons of Dardanus.

Then briefly Dido speaks with drooping eyes :
' Cast fear adrift, and shut the doors on doubt,
Teucrians : the hard conditions of the time,
And raw youth of my kingdom to this push
Compel me, and to guard my frontiers round.
Æneas and the race that call him sire
Who can there be that knows not, and Troy's town
Heroes and heroisms, and all her wars'
Vast conflagration ? Not so dull the hearts
We bear in Punic bosoms, nor so far
Out of the sun's track in his charioting
Our Tyrian town. The great Hesperian land
And Saturn's realm, or Eryx and the tract
That bows to king Accestes—choose ye which ;
Safeguarded I will speed you on your way
With stores to boot. Or would ye in this realm
Sit down beside me ? the town I build is yours :
Haul up your ships : Trojan and Tyrian
Without distinction shall be held by me.
And would that by the selfsame tempest driven
Your king himself Æneas had been here !

For my part, I will send through all my coasts
Sure scouts, and bid them traverse Libya's land
From end to end, if haply cast ashore
Forest or city holds him wandering.'

Fired by these words long since Achates bold
And Sire Æneas burned to break their cloud.
Achates first gat utterance : ' Goddess-born,
Say now what purpose rises in thy heart ?
Thou seest all safe, comrades and fleet restored,
One only lacking, whom our own eyes saw
Gulfed in mid-ocean : with thy mother's words
Else all things tally.' Scarcely had he spoke,
When suddenly the cloud that wrapped them round
Sunders, and melts into the open heaven.
Forth stood Æneas in the clear sunlight
Resplendent, face and shoulders like a god :
For she who bare him on her son had breathed
A glory of hair, and ruddy light of youth,
And on his eyes glad lustre—such a grace
As artist's hand to ivory lends, or like
Silver or Parian chased with yellow gold.
Then to the queen, by all unlooked for, thus
Sudden he speaks : ' I, whom ye seek, am here,
Trojan Æneas, snatched from Libyan waves.
Thou, who alone the unutterable woes
Of Troy hast pitied, and dost impart to us—
The remnant of the Danai, wearied out
With all mischances both of land and sea,
Beggared of all—a city and a home,

Dido, to yield thee worthy thanks stands not
Within our means, nor theirs who else survive
Of Dardan blood, scattered the wide world o'er.
May heaven, if any powers regard the good,
If justice and the self-approving mind
Weigh aught in the world, return thee guerdon due !
What age so blest as to have borne thee ? What
Parents so noble as to call thee child ?
While rivers still shall run into the sea,
While shadows sweep the mountain-sides, while
heaven

Shall feed the stars, thy glory, name, and praise,
What lands soe'er me summon, shall remain.'
So saying, his right hand he reached forth to greet
Friend Ilioneus, Serestus with his left,
Then others, bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold.

Astounded by the hero's presence first,
Then at his vast misfortune, thus outspake
Sidonian Dido : ' Through such mighty perils,
O goddess-born, what fate pursues, what force
To barbarous shores impels thee ? Art thou that
Æneas, whom kindly Venus by the wave
Of Phrygian Simois to the Dardan bare,
Anchises ? I myself remember well
When Teucer, from his own home ousted, came
To Sidon, seeking a new realm to win
By Belus' aid : my father Belus then
Was harrying Cyprus, whose rich soil he swayed
With conquering sceptre. From that time to this

Troy's chequered fortune hath been known to me,
And thine own name, and the Pelasgian kings.
Even he, their foeman, with high praise would laud
The Teucrians, from the Teucrians' ancient stock
Claim to be sprung. Then enter, sirs, our house.
Me too like fortune, tossed from toil to toil,
Suffers at length to make this land my home :
Not all unlessoned in disaster I
Learn to befriend the wretched.' With such words
She to her palace leads Æneas in,
And for the temples of the gods proclaims
Due honour. For his comrades therewithal
Down to the beach she sends a score of bulls,
A hundred burly swine with bristling backs,
Fat lambs a hundred, with their dams to boot,
Glad gifts for the glad day. Meanwhile, within,
The palace is set forth in all the pomp
Of royal splendour, and amidst the hall
A feast are they preparing—coverlets
Wrought deftly of proud purple, on the boards
Ponderous silver, and, embossed in gold,
The brave deeds of her sires, an endless-long
Array of exploits traced from chief to chief
Down from the earliest dawning of her race.

Æneas, for a father's love forbade
His mind to rest, sends forward to the ships
Achates, bidding him with speed acquaint
Ascanius, and conduct him to the town—
Upon Ascanius a fond father's heart

Is wholly set—and presents he bids bring
Snatched from the wreck of Ilium, a long robe
Stiff with embroidered gold-work, and a veil
Purfled with yellow-flowered acanthus, worn
By Argive Helen, and from Mycenæ brought,
Then, when to Troy she sailed, a bride forbid—
Her mother Leda's marvellous gift ; therewith
A sceptre which erewhile had known the grasp
Of Priam's eldest daughter Hlione,
A pearl-strung necklet, and a double crown
Of gems and gold. Upon this errand sped,
Achates now was hastening to the ships.

But Cytherea in her breast revolves
New wiles and new devices, that, for sweet
Ascanius, Cupid, changed in face and form,
May come, and with his gifts inflame the queen
To frenzy, and wrap all her frame in fire.
Ay, for in sooth she fears the treacherous house
And double-spoken Tyrians : Juno's hate
Sears her, and trouble at nightfall returns.
Thus, therefore, she bespeaks her wingèd Love :
' Son, my sole strength and mighty power, O son,
Who laughest even at the Typhœan bolts
Of the great Father, to thy feet I fly,
And suppliant sue thy godhead. How Aeneas,
Thy brother, is buffeted from shore to shore
Over the main by Juno's rancorous spite—
These things are known to thee, and with our grief
Oft hast thou grieved. Phœnician Dido now

Holds and enchains him with her flattering words ;
And much I fear where Juno's welcome tends ;
She will not idle where such hopes are hinged.
So to prevent with guile and gird with fire
The queen I purpose, that no power may change,
But strong love for Æneas fix her mine.
Next how to achieve it hearken my device :
The royal boy, my chieftest care, e'en now
To the Sidonian town sets forth to go
At his loved father's bidding—in his hand
Gifts that escaped Troy's burning and the sea.
Him will I hide upon Cythera's height,
Or on Idalium in my sacred seat,
Lulled in deep slumber, that he may not know
Nor intervene to mar my stratagems.
Then for one night—no more—feign thou his form,
And don the well-known features, boy for boy,
That when with rapture at the royal board,
The wine-god brimming, Dido to her breast
Shall take thee and embrace, and on thy lips
Imprint sweet kisses, with the subtle fire
Thy breath may poison her at unawares.'
Obedient then to his dear mother's words,
Love doffed his wings, and with Iulus' gait
Walked gaily forth. Meantime Ascanius,
While gentle slumber o'er his frame she pours,
Venus, to her immortal bosom clasped,
Bears upward to Ida'ia's wooded heights,
Where soft amaracus enfolds with flowers,

And fans him with the breath of odorous shade.

And now, all joy, Achates for his guide,
Cupid the royal gifts obediently
Came bearing for the Tyrians. Entering,
He sees the queen set in their midst, reclined
Upon a gold couch proudly canopied.
Now Sire Æneas, now the Trojan men
Gather, and stretch them on strewn purple. Slaves
Pour water on their hands, and proffer bread
From baskets, and bring towels with shorn pile.
Within are fifty handmaids, charged in course
To heap continuous store, and magnify
With fire the hearth-gods ; and a hundred more,
With men as many and of like age, to load
The board with viands, and set the winecups on.
The Tyrians too, throughout the festive hall
Gathered in crowds, are bidden to recline
On broidered couches. At Æneas' gifts
They marvel, marvel at Iulus too—
The god-light in his face, the well-feigned words—
And at the robe, and veil embroidered-fair
With yellow-flowered acanthus. Most of all,
Ill-starred, and destined to the coming bane,
The fair Phoenician cannot gloat her fill,
But feeds the flame with gazing, by the boy
Ravished no less than by the gifts. But he,
When he had clasped Æneas, and hung close
About his neck, sating the hungry love
Of his pretended sire, moves toward the queen.

She with her eyes, and she with all her heart
Cleaves to him, and fondles at her breast anon—
Dido, all witless of how great a god
Is her poor bosom's burden. He the while,
His Acidalian mother heeding well,
Slowly begins to blot Sychæus out,
And with a living passion to forestall
A heart long stagnant and to love unused.

When the first hush upon the banquet fell,
The board removed, they set on mighty bowls,
And crown the winecups. Loud the rafters ring,
As through the wide hall rolls the roar of tongues ;
Down from the gilded roof hang lamps ablaze,
And flambeaux flaring put the night to rout.
And now a cup heavy with gems and gold
The queen bade bring, and filled it with pure wine,
As Belus used, and all from Belus sprung ;
Then through the hall fell silence : ‘ Jupiter,
Of hospitable laws, men say, the giver,
To Tyrians and to travellers from Troy
Grant that this day propitious be, and that
Our children’s children may remember it.
Let Bacchus, source of jollity, be near,
And bounteous Juno ; and, ye Tyrians too,
Grace ye our gathering with goodwill.’ She spake
And on the table poured the votive wine,
And, having made libation, with lip’s edge
Herself first touched it, then to Bitias
Passed with a merry taunt ; he, nothing loth,

Drank of the foaming goblet, and dived deep
Into the brimming gold ; then other lords
In turn. Iopas of the flowing hair
Makes the hall echo with his gilded lyre,
Once taught of mightiest Atlas : and his song
Is of the wandering moon, the toiling sun,
Whence human kind and cattle, whence rain and fire ;
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,
And the twin Bears ; why winter suns so haste
To dip themselves in Ocean, or what check
Retards the lingering nights. With shout on shout
Applaud the Tyrians, and the sons of Troy
Make answer : therewithal in varied talk
Unhappy Dido still spun out the night,
Drinking deep draughts of love ; and much she asked
Of Priam, much of Hector, with what arms
Aurora's son came girded to the fray,
How fair the steeds of Diomede, or how vast
Achilles. ' Nay, but, O my guest,' said she,
' Come, tell us from the first the Danaan plots,
Thy comrades' woes, and thine own wanderings :
For lo ! the seventh returning summer now
Bears thee a wanderer over land and wave.'

BOOK II

AENEID II

All lips were hushed, all eyes attentive fixed :
 Then Sire *Aeneas* from his lofty couch
 Addressed him thus to speak :

‘ Unutterable,

O queen, the grief thou bid’st me to revive,
 How Troy’s magnificence and royal power,
 Woe worth the day ! the Danai overthrew ;
 Thrice piteous scenes which I myself beheld,
 And was a mighty part of. Such a tale
 Who or of Myrmidons or Dolopes
 Or stern Ulysses’ soldiery could tell,
 And hold from weeping ? Now too dewy night
 Adown the sky falls headlong, and the stars
 Sinking invite to sleep. But if to learn
 Our woes such longing take thee, and to hear
 Brief-told Troy’s dying anguish, though my mind
 At the remembrance shudders, from the grief
 Recoils, I will attempt it.

‘ Broken in war

And baffled by the fates, the Danaan chiefs,

Now that so many grew the gliding years,
By Pallas' aid, artificer divine,
Build up a horse of mountain bulk, the ribs
Of pine-planks interwoven, feigning it
A votive offering for their home-return ;
So runs the rumour. Into its dark side
Picked warriors stealthily by lot they stow,
And fill the deep vaults of its mighty womb
With armèd soldiery.

‘ There lies in sight
An isle, fame-bruited, Tenedos, full-fraught
Of power, while yet stood Priam’s empire—now
Mere bay and roadstead, ill for keels to trust.
Hither they sail, and on the barren shore
Lie hid. We deem them far upon their way,
Bound for Mycenæ with a favouring gale.
Thereat all Teucria shuffles off the load
Of her long mourning. Wide are flung the gates ;
Whence issuing forth with rapture we behold
The Dorian camp, the haunts now tenantless,
The shore left void : here the Dolopian band,
Here fierce Achilles pitched ; here lay the fleet ;
Here were they wont to meet us, host to host.
Some gape at Maid Minerva’s doom-fraught gift,
And marvel at the monster-horse ; and first
Thymœtes urged it within walls be haled,
And lodged in the fortress, or through treachery, or
To this e’en now the fates of Troy were tending.
But Capys and the minds of saner bent

Bid either hurl it headlong in the sea—
This Danaan ambush, their suspicious gift,
Or fire it from beneath, or pierce and probe
The womb's dark hollows. With fierce party-cries
This way and that the wavering crowd is torn.

'Then first of all Laocoön in hot haste
Comes rushing down the citadel's steep height,
Thronged with a mighty crowd, and cries from far,
"Alack ! so mad, my masters ! do ye think
The foe departed ? deem ye any gift
Of Danaans can lack guile ? have ye so learned
Ulysses ? either in this timber caged
Achaeans lurk, or 'tis an engine framed
Against the walls, to spy into our homes
And pounce upon the city from above,
Or else some trickery lurks therein ; trust not
The horse, ye Trojans ; whatsoe'er it be,
E'en gift in hand, I fear the Danai still."

So saying, with main strength a huge spear he hurled
At the brute's flank, and where the framework bulged
To belly : it stood there quivering ; the womb shook ;
The vaults rang hollow and gave forth a groan :
And had the powers above, had our own wit
Not turned awry, he had prevailed to sack
The Argives' den ; Troy still were standing ; thou
Priam's tall citadel unshaken still.

'Meanwhile a youth, his hands behind him bound,
See ! Dardan hinds come haling to the king
Loud-clamouring, who, to shape it even so,

And let the Achæans into Troy, had thrust
A stranger's wilful presence on their path,
Dauntless of soul, and armed for this or that—
His wiles to ply, or fall on certain death.
Eager to see, Troy's sons from every side
Rush round him like a torrent, each with each
Vying to mock their captive. Come now, hear
How Danaans can deceive, and learn from one
The villainy of all. For as he stood
Helpless, confused, a target for all eyes,
And gazed around upon the Phrygian ranks,
“ Alas ! ” he cried, “ what land, what ocean now
Can harbour me ? or what last hope have I—
The wretch, alike from Danaan earth debarred,
And for whose blood the Dardans howl no less,
To quit their hatred ? ” By that burst of grief
Changed was our humour, checked each rude assault ;
We urge him speak, relate from whence he sprang,
His errand what, and why, a thrall, so bold.
Then, fear abandoned, thus at length he speaks :
“ All will I truly tell thee, King, quoth he,
Betide what may ; my Argive birth I own ;
This at the outset ; nor, if Fortune shaped
Sinon for misery, shall her spite, beside,
Shape him to fraud and falshood. It may be,
Borne on men's voices to thine ear hath sped
Some sound of Palamede from Belus sprung,
A name world-famous, whom by lies betrayed,
Guiltless, and on a villain's charge, because

The war he gainsaid, the Pelasgian lords
Once did to death, now, lorn of light, deplore.
To him as comrade and near kinsman I
Was by a needy sire in earliest youth
Sent hither to the field. While yet enthroned
Scathless he stood, and at kings' councils throve,
I in some sort held rank and honour too :
But when Ulysses' treacherous spite, I speak
No secret, drave him from the realms of day,
Downcast and darkling my sad life dragged on,
With inward wrath for my friend's guiltless fate.
Nor—madman—could I hold my peace, but vowed,
Should chance but offer, to my Argive home
If e'er returned in triumph, to wreak his fall,
And, thus outspoken, stirred the goads of hate.
Thence my first slip to ruin, Ulysses thence
Ceased not to scare me with new charges, thence
To sow dark rumours in the common ear,
And hunt for armed accomplices. Indeed
No rest he took till, Calchas at his side—
But why the unwelcome record do I thus
Vainly unroll ? or why the tale prolong ?
If all the Achæans in one class ye file,
And hearing that suffices, take, 'tis time,
Your vengeance ; this the Ithacan would wish,
And this the Atreidæ grudge no gold to buy."

‘ Then truly burn we to search out and learn
The why and wherefore, strangers as we were
To guilt so monstrous and Pelasgian guile.

He, quaking, with false heart his speech renews :

“ Oft were the Danai fain to take their flight,
Leave Troy behind, and quit the weary war ;
And would they had done so ! the rough sea as oft
Opposed its stormy barrier, and the south
Scared them from going. Chiefly when yon horse,
Of maple-beams compacted, stood erect,
With bellowing storm-clouds the whole welkin rang.
Doubtful, we send Eurypylus to ask
The oracle of Phœbus : from the shrine
This dolorous word he brings. ‘ It was with blood
Of a slain virgin ye appeased the winds,
When, Danai, first ye made for Ilium’s shore :
With blood no less must your return be sought,
And expiation of an Argive’s life.’

“ When to the people’s ears this utterance came,
Numbèd were all hearts, and through their inmost
bones

Ran a chill shudder—who was he by fate
Predestined thus ? Apollo’s victim who ?
Then he of Ithaca with blusterings loud
Drags forth into their midst Calchas the seer ;
Hotly demands, what is this will of heaven.
Nor lacked there who c’en then foretold to me
The schemer’s cruel outrage, or who saw
The end, yet spake not. / Twice five days the seer
In silence hides him, vows no word of his
Shall denounce any, or to death consign.
Scarce driven at length by the Ithacan’s loud cries,

To crown their compact, he breaks forth in speech,
And dooms me to the altar. All approved,
Nor recked to turn what each for self was fearing
To one poor soul's destruction. Now drew near
The unutterable day ; for me were now
The altar-rites preparing, the salt cakes
And brow-encircling fillets. I confess
I plucked me from perdition, brake my bonds,
In miry pool all night sedge-sheltered lay,
Till they should sail, if haply sailed they had.
Nor longer my old country may I hope
Or children sweet, or longed-for sire to see,
Of whom far likelier they for my default
Will claim the forfeit, with their death, poor souls !
Atone my trespass. But I thee implore
By the high Gods, and powers that know the truth,
By what remains to mortals anywhere
Of faith untarnished, pity woes like mine,
Pity a soul with unjust burdens bowed."

' Life to his tears we grant and pity too :
Priam's own voice first bids the man be loosed
From grip of gyve and fetter, and thus speaks
With kindly word : " Whoc'er thou art, henceforth,
As for the Greeks, forget them and forego :
Ours shalt thou be, and to my questioning
Unfold true answers : this huge monster-horse
Why built they ? by whom fathered ? to what end ?
A sacred symbol ? or some tool of war ?"
He had said : the other, well equipped with guile

And craft Pelasgian, to the stars upturned
His hands now fetterless : " You, quenchless fires,
And your inviolable majesty
I call," quoth he, " to witness, and you too,
Altars and heinous swords which I escaped,
And garlands of the gods, my victim-gear ;
Lawful it is for me to break my vows
Of fealty to the Greeks, lawful to hate
The men themselves, and all things air abroad
That they hide in the closet, nor am I
Holden by any of my country's laws :
Only do thou stand by thy plighted word,
Troy, and, safeguarded, guard thy promise safe,
If truth I tell, if richly thee repay.

" All hope and courage for the war's emprise
On Pallas' help the Danaans ever stayed :
But from what time, with Tydeus' impious son
Ulysses, crime-contriver, dared to rend
Doom-fraught Palladium from its hallowed shrine,
And slew the watchmen of her castled height,
And snatched the sacred image, and feared not
With hands blood-recking to contaminate
Her godhead's maiden fillets, from henceforth
The Danaans' hope at ebb slid ever back,
Crushed was their strength, the goddess' heart estranged.
Nor doubtful the dread signs Tritonia gave ;
Scarce was her semblance lodged within the camp,
When from the upturned eyes shot quivering flames,
A salt sweat coursed along the limbs, and thrice—

Wondrous to tell—of her own self she sprang
From earth shield-laden, and with spear that shook.
Calchas at once with prophet-voice bids brave
Ocean in flight, for that no Argive arms
Could uptear Pergamus, except they seek
At Argos for new omens, and bring back
That will of heaven, which erst they bare away
O'er ocean with them in their curvèd keels.
And now that homeward-wasted they have sought
Mycenæ, 'tis to get them arms, and gods
For their way-fellows, and, the sea recrossed,
They will be here unlooked for. In such wise
Doth Calchas sort the omens. *✓* Warned by him
They reared this image in Palladium's place,
For outraged godhead, their dark crime to quit.
But to this monstrous height of woven planks
Calchas bade lift it and upbuild to heaven,
Lest through your gates it be received, or drawn
Within the ramparts, and so shield your folk
Beneath their ancient worship. For if hand
Of yours had wronged Minerva's offering,
Mighty destruction then—which augury
May heaven first turn upon himself! would fall
On Priam's empire and the Phrygians ; but
If by your hands your city it should scale,
Asia herself should in a mighty war
Assail the walls of Pelops, and such doom
Remain in store for our posterity."

† ‘ By such decoys of Sinon's art forsworn

The tale gat credence, and by craft were caught
And forcèd tears, whom neither Tydeus' son,
No, nor Achilles of Larissa, nor
Ten years had conquered, nor a thousand keels.

‘ A mightier portent and more fearful far,
Poor souls ! here bursts upon them, and confounds
Their blinded senses. For Laocoön,
The priest of Neptune, as by lot assigned,
Was at the wonted altars sacrificing
A mighty bull, when, lo ! from Tenedos,
Over the tranquil ocean serpents twain—
I shudder to recount it—with huge coils
Cumbering the deep, ply shoreward side by side ;
Reared on the surge their breasts and blood-red manes
O'ertop the billows ; the remaining bulk
Skims ocean aft in labyrinthine folds :
Hark ! how the brine seethes audibly ! and now,
Their glowing eyes with blood suffused and fire,
The shore-fields they were gaining, and their chaps
Hissed, as with flickering tongues they licked them ; we
Pale at the sight fly scattered ; they with line
Unwavering at Laocoön aim, and first
His two sons’ slender bodies either snake
Embraces and enfolds, and gnawing feeds
Upon the hapless limbs ; then him they seize
Up-hurrying armed to aid them, and bind fast
With mighty spires, and now—their scaly length
Twice wreathed about his waist, twice round his neck—
With heads o'ertop him and high-towering throats.

He, while to rend their knots he strives amain,
His fillets with black venom drenched and gore,
Uplifts to heaven heart-piercing shrieks ; as when
'Scaped from the altar, bellows a maimed bull,
That from his neck shakes off the erring axe.
But to the temple's height that dragon-pair
Gliding escape, and seek the citadel
Of fell Tritonia, to find covert close
Under the goddess' feet and orbèd shield.
Then through the trembling hearts of all there crept
Strange fear ; and "rightly hath Laocoön
Paid for his crime," they cry, "with point of spear
Wounding the hallowed wood, what time he hurled
His guilty lance against the flank." ✓ Then all
Shout that the image to her shrine be drawn,
And supplication to the goddess made.
~~We cleave the city-walls, the ramparts ope :~~
All gird them to the task, beneath the hoofs
Set wheels a-gliding, and around the neck
Stretch hempen hawsers ; with war-laden womb
The doom-fraught engine scales the wall : around
Boys and unwedded girls sing litanies,
And joy to touch the cable with their hands.
And so it enters, and glides threateningly
Into the city's midst. Land of my birth !
O Ilium, home of gods, and, famed in war,
Ye Dardan battlements ! four times it stopped
At the gate's very threshold, and four times
From out its entrails came a clash of arms.

But frenzy-blinded we press heedless on,
And in our hallowed citadel uprear
The luckless prodigy. Then, even then,
Cassandra for the coming doom unlocks
Those lips ne'er trusted by the sons of Troy—
So heaven decreed it : we, that day our last,
Fond wretches ! range the city, and festoon
With gala-boughs the temples of the gods.

' Meanwhile the face of heaven is turned, and night
Comes up from Ocean, in its mighty shade
Both earth and sky, and Myrmidonian wiles
Enveloping : stretched silent on the walls
The Teucrians lay ; sleep held their weary limbs.
E'en now the Argive host from Tenedos
With vessels in array was wending on,
Through the kind stillness of the silent moon
Seeking the well-known shore, when sudden lo !
The royal galley reared her signal-fires,
And, shielded by the gods' unequal doom,
Sinon by stealth lets loose the pinewood bolts,
And womb-imprisoned Danai. Them the horse
Restores, thrown open, to the light of day,
And from the hollow frame with joy they leap —
Thessander, Sthenelus, those lords of war,
And dread Ulysses, by the lowered rope
Down-gliding ; Acamas, and Thoas, and
Son's son of Peleus Neoptolemus,
Machaon first of all, and Menelaus,
Ay, and Epeus, framer of the fraud.

These storm the town, buried in sleep and wine ;
The guards are slain ; through the wide portals all
Let in their friends, and join the federate band.

‘ It was the time when the first slumber falls
On suffering mortals, by the high God’s gift
Then sweetliest stealing o’er them : lo ! in sleep
Hector before mine eyes, all woe-begone,
Did seem to stand, and shower down floods of tears ;
Torn by the dragging chariot, as of old,
And black with blood-stained dust, and his swol’n feet
Pierced with the thong. Ah ! what a sight he was !
How all unlike that Hector, who returns
Clad in Achilles’ arms, the spoils of war,
Or fresh from hurling on the Danaan decks
The fires of Phrygia ! now with draggled beard,
And hair blood-clotted, wearing all those wounds
So thickly dealt him round his native walls !
Weeping myself, I first, methought, addressed
The hero, and drew forth these sorrowing words :
“ Light of the Dardan land, O stauncest hope
Of Teucria’s sons, what long delay hath held thee ?
Or from what borders, Hector, art thou come,
Much looked for ? is it thus that wearied out
With all the myriad slaughters of thy friends,
City and townsmen’s ever-changing woes,
Our eyes behold thee ? What unseemly cause
Hath marred thy cloudless features ? or what mean
These wounds I gaze on ? ” Not a word spake he,
Nor recked mine idle questioning, but groan

On laboured groan from out his bosom's depth
Upheaving, "Ah! fly, goddess-born," he said,
"And snatch thee from the flames: the foemen hath
Our walls, and Troy from her proud summit sinks.
Enough to king and country hath been given:
If any hand could Pergamus have saved,
Then mine had saved it: Troy commits to thee
Her worship and her household gods; these take
As comrades of thy destinies; for these
Seek out a mighty city thou at length
Shalt rear thee, having roamed wide ocean o'er."

Such words he spake, and in his hands bare forth
The sacred fillets from the inmost shrine,
And Vesta's might, and her undying fire.

'Meantime the walls grow one confusèd scene
Of widespread anguish; and, though far withdrawn
My sire Anchises' palace amid trees
Lay sheltered, ever louder and more loud
Surges the din, swells out the alarm of war.
I start from sleep, to the high roof-top mount,
And stand, all ear, to hearken: as when fire
Falls on the corn beneath the furious south,
Or ravening torrent from a mountain-flood
Lays low the fields, lays low the laughing crops,
The oxen's labour, and drags forests down
Headlong, the hind from some tall craggy peak
Mute with amaze stands listening to the roar.
Then is the bare truth self-attested, then
The Danaan wiles unmask them; see e'en now

The house of Deiphobus a vast ruin yawns
 O'ertopped by Vulcan ! see his neighbour too
 Ucalegon in flames ! Sigeum's gulf
 Reflects the blaze afar. Up goes to heaven
 Shouting of men, and clarion's bray ; distraught
 I seize mine arms, though arms lack argument ;
 But my heart burns to mass a warrior-band,
 And with my comrades hasten to the hold :
 Frenzy and anger urge my headlong will,
 And death methinks how comely, sword in hand.

'But Pantheus, from the Achæan darts escaped,

Pantheus, the son of Othrys, see ! and priest
 Of Phoebus on the height, in his own hand
 The sacred emblems of the vanquished gods,
 And dragging his young grandchild after him,
 Nigh at wits' end comes hurrying to my door.

"Pantheus, how stands the fortune of the day ?
 What point of vantage seize we ?" Scarce had I
 Uttered the words when, groaning, he replies :

"The latest day, the inevitable hour,
 Has dawned on Dardan land ; [we, Trojans once,
 And Ilium, and the Teucrians' giant fame
 Have been, and are not ;] Jove's remorseless will
 From us to Argos hath borne all away ;
 Our town's a-flame ; the Danaans lord it there.
 Towering amidst the city-walls erect
 The horse rains armèd warriors ; far and near
 Simon with victor-insolence spreads wide
 The conflagration. Through the folding gates

Some enter, myriads countless as e'er came
From great Mycenæ ; some, to bar our path,
With weapons have beset the narrow ways,
A wall of steel-blade edges flashing bare,
For death-blow dight : scarce seek the foremost guards
To hold the gates against them, or maintain
The blindfold conflict." At such words as these
From Othrys' son, and at the doom of heaven,
I rush into the midst of fire and fray,
Where the grim Fury, where the battle-din
Me summons, and the shouts up tossed to heaven.
Then, lo ! by moonlight borne across my path,
Rhipeus, and Epytus, right brave in arms,
And Hypanis and Dymas join with me,
And gather to my side, and Mygdon's child,
The youth Corœbus. In those days it chanced
He, with mad passion for Cassandra fired,
Had come to Troy, and as a son was now
To Priam and the Phrygians lending aid,
Unhappy, not to heed the warning voice
Of his heaven-frenzied bride. Whom when I saw
Close-banded and with stomach for the fray
I thus the more exhort them : " Warrior-hearts,
Dauntless in vain, if your desire be set
On following one who dares the bitter end ;
Our fortune's plight how desperate, ye may see :
Gone are the gods, from shrine and altar fled,
Ay, one and all, by whom this empire stood :
The town ye seek to succour is in flames ;

Die we, and plunge into the battle's midst ;
One safety hath defeat—to hope for none ! ”
Thus were the warriors' souls to frenzy wrought.
Then like to ravening wolves in a black mist,
Whose belly-rage unbridled drives them forth
To grope for prey—their cubs left lone the while
With droughty jaws await them—on we press
Through darts, through foes, to no uncertain doom,
Thridding the city's midst : night's ebon wings
Float round us with their overarching shade.

Who could unfold the havoc of that night,
Tell o'er the slain, or match our teen with tears ?
Stoops to her fall our ancient city, she
The empress of the ages. Through her streets
And homes, and hallowed thresholds of the gods,
Heap upon heap the dead lie strewn and stark ;
Nor Teucrians only pay the bloody debt ;
Sometimes, though vanquished, to their heart returns
Valour, and down the conquering Danai go.
Look where you will, heart-rending agony
And panic reign, and many a shape of death.

‘ First to confront us, with a mighty band
Of Danai backed, behold Androgeos,
Who, all unconscious, taking foes for friends,
Thus as a comrade hails us : “ Haste, my men !
What laggard sloth retards you ? others, see !
Amid her flames are plundering Pergamus,
While ye from your tall ships are newly come.”
He said, and, greeted with no sure reply,

Felt in a moment fallen amid foes.
Staggered, both foot and voice he backward drew.
As one, who, struggling with rough briars, hath trod
At unawares a serpent underfoot,
Starts back in sudden terror, as it rears
Its wrath on high, and puffs a purple throat,
Not otherwise, confounded at the sight,
Androgeos was retreating. On we rush,
With serried arms enclose them, and on ground
They knew not, and with terror ta'en aback,
Slay them on every side. So fortune's breath
Fans our first effort. Here Corœbus cries,
Waxed jubilant with courage and success :
" Where fortune at the outset, comrades mine,
With such clear signs of friendship points the path,
Be ours to follow : change we shields and don
The Danaan emblems. Craft or prowess, which,
Who cares to ask in dealing with a foe ?
Themselves shall furnish us with arms." So saying,
The plumèd helmet of Androgeos
He next puts on, with buckler blazoned fair,
And girds an Argive sword upon his thigh.
The like does Rhipeus, ay and Dymas too,
And all our youth exulting ; every man
Arms him from out the recent spoil ; then on
We press, commingling with the Danaan ranks,
Led by no gods of ours, and hand to hand
Through the blind night wage many a battle-bout
Send many Danaans to the shades below.

This way and that they fly, some to the ships,
And seek at headlong speed the trusty shore ;
Some clambering up the monster-horse again,
Vile dastards, hide them in the well-known womb.
Ah ! not for men to trust, if gods be loth !
See where, with locks that stream upon the wind,
Maiden Cassandra, Priam's daughter, comes ;
Vainly to heaven her burning eyes she casts—
Eyes, for her tender hands are locked in chains.
This sight Corœbus brooked not ; mad with rage
He hurled him on their very midst, to die.
All follow, and in close array rush on.
Here first from the high temple's top o'erwhelmed
With friendly darts, most piteous slaughter falls
Upon us, through the aspect of our arms,
And lying semblance of our Grecian crests.
Then too the Danai, with a groan of wrath
For the maid's rescue, mustering from all sides,
Fall on—impetuous Ajax, and the twin
Atridæ, and all the host of Dolopes ;
E'en as at times, when a tornado bursts,
Winds meet in shock of battle, West, and South,
And East exulting in his orient steeds ;
The forest creaks, and Nereus, all a-foam,
Storms with his trident, from its lowest depth
Upchurning all the ocean. Such beside
As through the darkness in the gloom of night
We routed by our stratagem, and chased
The city's length, appear, and first are they

Our shields and lying weapons to discern,
And mark the incongruous accent of our tongues.
Straightway we are outnumbered and o'erwhelmed ;
And first Corcebus at the altar-steps
Slain of the warrior-goddess, by thy hand,
Peneleos, bites the dust : then Rhipheus falls,
Of all the Teucrians foremost without peer
For justice and fast-cleaving to the right :
The gods ruled otherwise : next, pierced by friends,
Both Hypanis and Dymas are laid low ;
Nor all thy goodness, Pantheus, no, nor did
Apollo's fillet shield thee in thy fall.
Ashes of Ilium, and ye funeral-fires
Of my lost friends, witness, when ye went down,
I shunned no Danaan missiles, and no chance
Of blow for blow, that, had fate willed my fall,
This arm had earned it. Sundered from the rest
With me are Iphitus and Pelias,
Iphitus age-encumbered, Pelias
Sore-wounded by Ulysses. Straight we hie
Toward Priam's palace, by the shouting led.
But here a giant conflict we behold,
As warring else were nowhere, none beside
Dying the city through ; so stubborn raged
The war-god, while the Danai roofward rush,
And the shield-tortoise driven besets the door.
Close cleave their ladders to the walls, and nigh
The very entrance up the rungs they press,
With left hands shielded intercept the darts,

And with the right clutch fast the battlements.
Meanwhile the Dardans see ! upwrench amain
Turret and roofing-tile ; with these for darts,
Seeing the end, in death's extremity,
They stand on their defence ; some topple down
August ancestral splendours—gilded beams ;
Others with drawn blades block the doors below,
And guard them densely massed ; fresh heart I take
To aid the palace, ease with help our men,
And add new vigour to the vanquishèd.

' There was an entrance, a blind door that led
From hall to hall of Priam, posternwise
Lest rearward of the palace, by the which
While yet the empire stood, Andromache,
Poor heart ! would oftentimes unattended seek
Her royal kinfolk, to his grandsire's knee,
Dragging her little son Astyanax.
Mounting, I gain the summit of the pile,
From whence the wretched Teucrians were hurling
Their ineffectual darts. A turret stands
On the sheer edge, with its high pinnacle
Reared to the stars, whence Troy would oft be viewed,
The Danaan ships too, and the Achæan camp :
This, armed with tools, assail we round about,
Where the high floor-joists lend a tottering hold,
And from its deep bed wrench, and hurl it : lo !
Suddenly with a crash down, down it goes,
Trailing wide havoc on the Danaan ranks :
But up come others, and meanwhile the storm

Of stones and motley missiles knows no stay.
Hard on the threshold, by the very door,
Pyrrhus exults, flashing in arm'd sheen :
As when a serpent fed on poisonous weeds,
By winter-frosts kept swollen underground,
Fresh from the shedding of his slough, with youth
New-burnished, rolls his slippery length to light,
And, sunward towering with uplifted breast,
Flickers the three-forked lightning of his tongue.
With him huge Periphas, and Automedon,
Achilles' charioteer, who bare his arms,
And all the flower of Scyros, storm the walls,
And at the roof fling fire. In front of all,
Gripping a two-edged axe, himself is there,
Bursting the tough doors through, and from their hinge
The brass-bound valves divorcing : see ! e'en now
He has hewn a beam out, scooped the stubborn oak,
And made a monstrous and wide-yawning breach.
The inner palace and far-lengthening halls
Ope and lie bare, the secret sanctuary
Of Priam and the kings of long ago ;
And standing on the threshold's edge they see
Arm'd warriors.

‘ But confusion reigns within,
Wild shrieks and piteous uproar ; far-withdrawn
The hollow chambers, hark ! with women's plaints
Are wailing : the cry strikes the golden stars.
Then through the wide halls trembling matrons stray,
And, fondly clinging, clasp the doors and kiss.

On presses Pyrrhus with his father's might ;
Nor barriers, no, nor guards his onset brook ;
With quick blows of the battering-ram the door
Totters, the valves fall forward from the hinge :
Force cleaves a way : the Danaans flooding in
Burst them a passage, cut the foremost down,
And fill the wide space with their soldiery.

Not all so madly doth a foaming flood
Burst through the barrier of opposing banks
With conquering swirl, then, raging on an heap,
O'erride the country, and through all the plain
Sweep byre and herd before it. I myself
Saw mad with slaughter Neoptolemus,
And both the Atreidæ on the threshold ; ay,
And Hecuba I saw, with her sons' brides
A hundred, and, along the altar stretched,
Priam, polluting with his own heart's blood
The fires himself had consecrated. All
Those fifty bridal chambers, the rich hope
Of children's children, portals proudly dight
With trophies and barbaric gold, lie low ;
And still the Danai swarm where fails the fire.

‘ Of Priam’s fate too haply thou wouldest hear.
Soon as he saw the city stormed and fallen,
His palace doors wrenched open, and the foe
Amid his inmost chambers, the old man
About his shoulders, palsied now with age,
Binds, unavailing, long-forgotten arms,
Then girds him with his helpless sword, and, where

The foe throngs thickest, turns his steps to die.
Midmost the palace, under heaven's bare vault,
Stood a huge altar, and a bay-tree near,
Of immemorial age, drooped over it,
Embracing in its shade the household gods.
Here round the unavailing altar-stone,
Like doves swept headlong by a murky storm,
Hecuba and her daughters huddling cowered,
Clasping the sacred images. But when
Priam she saw in arms of youth arrayed,
“ Ah ! my unhappy lord, what thought so dire
Pricked thee to don this battle-gear ? ” she cried,
“ And whither bound so hotly ? Not for such
Succour or such defenders craves the time,
No, not were my own Hector now at hand.
Enough, withdraw thee hither : all shall be
Saved by this altar, or thou slain with us.”
So spake she, and drew towards her, and set down
Her aged lord upon the hallowed seat.

‘ But lo ! from Pyrrhus’ slaughtering sword escaped,
Polites, one of Priam’s sons, through darts,
Through foemen, the long corridors adown
Comes flying, and traverses the empty court,
Wounded. Him Pyrrhus with pursuing stroke
Plies hotly, and all but within his grasp
Holds even now, and pricks him with his spear :
Bursting at length upon his parents’ view,
Before their very eyes prostrate he fell,
And poured his life out in a rush of blood.

Then Priam, though fast within the net of death,
Brake all restraint, nor voice, nor passion spared.
“For crime so shameless may the gods,” he cries,
“If justice be in heaven such deeds to mark,
Pay thee due thanks, fair meed requite thee, who
Hast forced mine own son’s murder on my sight,
And with his death profaned a father’s eyes :

But he—thou liest to call thyself his son—
Achilles, erst with Priam, though a foe,
Dealt otherwise ; with kindling shame he owned
A suppliant’s rights and honour, rendered up
The bloodless corse of Hector for the tomb,
And sent me to my realm again.” So saying,
The old man heaved a weak and woundless spear,
Which, straightway by the clanging brass repelled,
From the shield’s outer boss-rim harmless hung.
“Therefore,” said Pyrrhus, “shalt thou bear the news,
And to my sire the son of Peleus go :
Look that thou tell him of my sorry deeds,
And how degenerate Neoptolemus ;
Now die.” So speaking, to the altar’s self
He haled him trembling, slipping in a pool
Of his son’s blood, and, wreathing in the hair
His left hand, with the right flashed out his sword,
And plunged it in his body to the hilt.
Such was the goal of Priam’s destinies ;
Such end befel him, with his eyes to see
Troy burnt, and Pergamus to ruin fallen,
Erewhile o’er many nations, many lands,

The haughty lord of Asia. There he lies
A vast trunk stretched along the sand, a head
Shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless corse.

' Then first fell horror closed me round; I stood
Amazed: uprose the form of my loved sire,
As I beheld the king, in age his peer,
Cruelly wounded, gasping out his life.
Rose to my mind Creüsa too, left lone,
And my house plundered, and the plight of young
Iulus. I look back to scan what force
Is yet around me: one and all worn out
Have vanished from my side, cast them to earth
Headlong, or, fainting, dropped into the flames.

' Now was I left alone, when I discern
Clinging to Vesta's shrine, and silently
Lurking within her solitary cell,
The daughter of Tyndareos: the fierce glare
Of conflagration lends me light to stray,
And cast my eyes o'er all things, far and near.
She, with a dread foreboding in her heart
Of Teucrian hate for Pergamus o'erthrown,
And Danaan retribution, and the wrath
Of her forsaken lord—she, common fiend
Of Troy and her own country, hidden close,
Couched by the altar from the scorn of men.
At once my soul caught fire, and rising wrath
Prompts to avenge my country, and exact
The wage of wickedness. Shall she forsooth
Live to see Sparta, and her native town

Mycenæ? in the triumph she has won
Walk as a queen, and with her eyes behold
Husband and home, her parents and her sons,
Thronged round with Ilian women, and a train
Of Phrygian bondsmen? What! with Priam slain,
Troy burnt to ashes, and the Dardan shore
Bedewed so often with the sweat of blood!
Not so: albeit no memorable name
By woman's death be won, nor triumph yield
Such victory, yet to have wiped out a pest,
Wreaked worthy punishment shall be my praise,
My joy to surfeit in avenging fire,
And to have slaked the ashes of my friends.
Such words outflinging, and by rage of heart
Transported, sudden to my sight is borne,
Never till now so dazzling to behold,
And in pure radiance beaming through the night,
My gentle mother—goddess undisguised—
Such and so stately as her form appears
To sons of heaven: she held me by the hand,
And thus, moreover, spake with rosy lips.
“Son, what fierce anguish in thy bosom stirs
Ungovernable wrath? why ragest thou?
Thy care for me fled whither? Wilt thou not
See first where thou hast left thine age-worn sire
Anchises, whether still survive thy wife
Creusa, and Ascanius thy child?
Whom all ere this, encompassed every side
By prowling Greeks, did not my care prevent,

Or flames had snatched, or foeman's sword devoured.
Think not it is the hated face of her,
The Spartan daughter of Tyndareos,
No, nor much blamèd Paris, but the gods,
The gods, whose unrelenting hate o'erturns
This empire, and Troy's loftiness brings low.
Look—for the cloud which, o'er thy vision drawn,
Dulls mortal sight, and spreads a misty murk,
I will snatch from thee utterly : but thou
Fear not thy mother's bidding, nor refuse
Her hests to hearken—here where thou but seest
Huge shattered fragments and stone rent from stone,
And dust and smoke blent in one surging sea,
Neptune with his vast trident shakes the walls,
And heaves the deep foundations, from her bed
O'ertoppling all the city. Juno here
Storms at the entrance of the Scean gate,
Implacable, and raging, sword on thigh,
Summons her armed confederates from the ships.
Now backward glance, and on the embattled height
Already see Tritonian Pallas throned,
Flashing with storm-cloud and with Gorgon fell.
The Sire himself each Danaan heart imbues
With courage and victorious might ; himself
Against our Dardan power stirs up the gods.
Son, snatch at flight, and let thine efforts end :
Nowhere will I forsake, until I set thee
Safe on thy father's threshold.” She had said
And vanished in thick shadows of the night.

Dread forms appear, and mighty potentates
Of heaven, that warred with Troy.

‘Ah ! then mine eyes

Bheld all Ilium settling into flame,
Troy, Neptune’s city, from her base o’erthrown ;
As some hoar ash-tree on the mountain-tops,
Which eager husbandmen in haste to fell
Hack at with steel and showering axe-strokes, it
Threatens and ever threatens, and nods on
With quaking foliage, rocking crest, until,
Little by little, ‘neath the wounds o’erpowered,
One dying groan it utters, and falls stretched
Along the hillside, a root-severed wreck.
I get me down, and with the god to guide
Through fire and foes win unimpeded way ;
Weapons give place to me, and flames retire.

‘So when at last my father’s door was gained,
And the old home, my sire, whom first I seek—
My first thought now to bear him to the hills—
Refuses to live on, Troy laid in dust,
Or stoop to exile. “Ye, whose blood,” he cried,
“Hath yet youth’s freshness, and whose strength
stands whole
In native vigour, do ye speed your flight;
Me had the high gods destined to survive,
They would have spared my home. Enough and more
That I have seen one downfall, and outlived
The capture of our city : here c’en here
Lay out my body, and bid farewell, and go.

This hand shall find out death ; the foe will take
Pity on me, and hunger for my spoil.
Light is the loss of burial. Long ago
Hateful to heaven and useless, I drag on
My lingering days, c'er since the sire of gods
And king of men breathed on me with the blast
Of his wing'd bolt, and touched me with his fire."

‘So spake he, and stood firm, persisting ; we,
My wife Creüsa, and Ascanius,
And the whole house, poured forth in tears, beseech
him

Not to whelm all in his own ruin, nor add
Weight to the push of doom : he spurns our prayer,
Stands rooted to his purpose and the spot.
Once more I turn to arms, and long for death
To end my misery ; for what counsel now,
What fortune was vouchsafed me ? “Didst thou think
That I could leave thee, sire, and go my way ?
Fell word so monstrous from a father’s lips ?
If it be writ in heaven that naught remain
Of all this city, and thy fixed purpose hold,
So fain to heap upon Troy’s funeral-pyre
Thyself and thine, death opes thee wide the door ;
And, fresh from bathing in the blood of Priam,
Soon Pyrrhus will be here, who butchers son
In face of sire, and sire at altar-side.
For this then, gentle mother, did thy hand
Pluck me from sword and flame, that I might see
The foe upon my hearth-stone, see my sire,

Ascanius and Creiisa at his side,
 Slaughtered and weltering in each other's blood ?
 Arms, arms, my men ! their last reveillé calls
 The vanquished. To the Danai give me back :
 Let me revisit and renew the fight :
 Ne'er shall we all die unavenged to-day."

' Therewith once more I gird my sword on, brace
 And fit my left arm to the shield, and forth
 Was hurrying from the house, when lo ! my wife
 Clasping my feet upon the threshold clung,
 Stretched forth the young Iulus to his sire.
 " If bound for death, speed us with thee through all ;
 But if past effort teach thee still to place
 Some hope in arms, then first defend our home.
 Bethink thee to whose hand thou leavest us,
 Thy sire, and young Iulus, and myself,
 Once called thy wife." So loudly pleading she
 Filled all the house with moans, when lo ! there falls
 A sudden portent marvellous to tell !
 For, as betwixt their gaze and their embrace
 His sorrowing parents hold him, on the crown
 See ! of Iulus' head a tongue of fire
 Light-hovering shone, and, harmless to the touch
 Licked his soft locks, and round his temples fed
 We in a flutter of alarm shake out
 The blazing hair, and with spring water strive
 To quench the sacred flame ; but joyfully
 My sire Anchises with a starward gaze
 Lifted his voice and upturned hands to heaven.

" Almighty Jupiter, if any prayer
Can bend thee, look upon us ; only this ;
And, if our goodness earn it, Sire, henceforth
Grant us thine aid, and ratify this sign."

Scarce had the old man spoken, when there pealed
A sudden crash of thunder on the left ;
And, gliding through the darkness from on high,
Shot with a torch-like trail of rushing light
A star ; we mark it o'er the roof-top glide,
A clear-cut path behind it, and at length
Bury its brightness beneath Ida's wood :
Then lo ! a long-drawn furrow-line of light !
And o'er the region hangs a sulphurous smoke.
Conquered at last my sire uplifts his head,
Invokes the gods, adores the sacred star.

" Up, up ! no tarriance more ! I follow, and where
Ye lead, am with you. Gods, that guard our land,
Preserve my house, preserve my grandchild : yours
This omen, in your holy keeping Troy.
Son, I submit, content with thee to go."

' He said ; and through the streets more loudly now
Is heard the fire, and nearer roll the tides
Of conflagration. " Come then, father mine,
Mount thee upon my neck ; these shoulders, see !
Shall bear thee up, nor feel that task a toil.
Come what come may, one peril both shall share,
Or one deliverance. Hand in hand with me
Let walk the child, Iulus, and my wife
Follow our footsteps from afar. And ye,

Servants, be mindful ; heed what I shall say.
Quitting the city to a mound ye come
And ancient fane of Ceres in the waste :
Hard by, an aged cypress, by our sires
With holy awe regarded years on years.
To this one goal by divers tracks we'll come.
Father, do thou the sacred emblems take,
Our country's household gods, within thy hand :
Fresh from the slaughter of so fierce a strife,
For me 'twere sin to touch them, till I wash
Me clean in running water." So I spake
And, over my broad shoulders and bowed neck
Donning for robe a tawny lion's hide,
Stoop to the burden ; twines his hand in mine
The child Iulus, with unequal steps
Following his sire : my wife comes on behind.
Forth fare we through the shady ways, and me
Whom erst no showering missiles could make blench,
Nor banded Greeks in hostile ranks arrayed,
Now every breeze affrights, and every sound
Startles, so tremulous am I, at once
Fearful for my companion and my load.

' And now, nearing the gates, the journey's length
Methought I had o'erpast, when suddenly
A sound of hurrying footsteps to mine ear
Seemed borne, and, peering through the dark, my sire
Exclaims : " They are upon us ; fly, son, fly !
I see their glowing shields and glittering arms."
Then, in the scare, some Power that loved me not

Snatched my bewildered sense. For as I thrid
Untrodden paths, the wonted track forego,
Alas ! my wife Creüsa, now by fate
Torn from me, to my sorrow, either stopped,
Or missed her way, or weary sat her down—
I know not—to our eyes restored no more.
Nor did I once look back to learn my loss,
Nor turn my thoughts upon her, till we reached
The mound of ancient Ceres, and her shrine.
Then, then, of all our gathered forces, she
Alone was wanting to the way-fellows,
Slipped from the sight of husband and of son.
Whom in my frenzy did I not upbraid
Of men and gods ? Or what more cruel hap
Saw in the falling city ? Ascanius,
My sire Anchises, and Troy's household gods
I give into my comrades' care, and lodge
Safe in the winding vale, then seek once more
The city, and gird me in my glittering arms,
Steadfast to re-encounter every risk,
All Troy retraverse, and expose my life
Anew to every peril. I repair
First to the walls, and that dark portal, whence
My feet had issued, trace and follow back
Each step in the dark, and scan with searching eye.
The horror round, the very silence too
Scares me ; then home I turn, if haply—ah !
If thither haply she had bent her steps.
The Danai had rushed in, filled all the house.
Speed's the devouring fire before the wind,

Rolled to the roof-top ; now the flames outsoar it ;
The billowy heat goes raging up to heaven.
Thence I pass onward, and cast eyes again
On Priam's palace and the citadel.
E'en now within the empty corridors
Of Juno's sanctuary, as chosen guards,
Phœnix and dread Ulysses watch the spoil.
Hereinto gathered from her burning shrines,
Troy's plundered treasure—tables of the gods,
Cups all of gold, and captive raiment, lie
Massed in a heap. About it in long line
Stand boys and trembling matrons. Nay, I dared
Even to launch my shouts into the dark,
Making the streets re-echo, as I called
“Creüsa” and “Creüsa,” cry on cry,
With mournful iteration, but in vain.
Searching the city thus from house to house,
And raving without end, the hapless shade
And spectre of Creüsa's self appeared
Before me, statelier than the form I knew.
I stood aghast ; my hair rose, and the voice
Stuck in my throat. Then thus, methought, she spake,
And with such words allayed my trouble : “ Why
To frantic sorrow give such wanton way,
O my sweet lord ? Without the nod of Heaven
These things befall not ; at thy side to bear
Creüsa hence—nor fate decrees, nor he
The lord of high Olympus suffers it.
Lo ! exile long awaits thee, and to cleave
A vast expanse of ocean : then shalt thou

Arrive Hesperia, where with gentle march,
Through their rich fields the Lydian Tiber flows.
High fortune here, a throne, a royal bride,
The Fates assign thee. Banish now thy tears
For loved Creüsa : I shall never look
Upon the proud homes of the Myrmidons
Or Dolopes, ne'er go to be the slave
Of Grecian dames, a Dardan woman I,
Wed to the son of Venus the divine.
But me the mighty mother of the gods
Holds on this shore. And now adieu ! Guard well
The love we cherished for thy child and mine."—
So saying, she left me weeping, yearning sore
To speak, and vanished into empty air.
Thrice, as she stood, my arms I would have flung
About her neck, and thrice my baffled hands
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.
So passed the night, and so at length I turn
Back to my friends, and here with wonder find
New comrades, a vast concourse, matrons, men,
An army massed for exile—piteous throng !—
From all sides gathered, armed in heart and gear,
Where'er I list to lead them over sea.
And now o'er Ida's topmost ridge the star
Of dawn was rising, bringing back the day :
The Danaans had beset and held the gates,
Nor hope of help was offered : I gave o'er,
Took up my sire, and for the mountains made.'

BOOK III

AENEID III

' When Asia's realm and Priam's guiltless race
The high gods doomed to overthrow, when fell
Proud Ilium, and all Neptune's city Troy
In dust lies smoking, we are driven to seek
By auguries from heaven far outland homes
And lands unpeopled, and a fleet we build
Close underneath Antandros and the heights
Of Phrygian Ida, doubtful whither fate
Dooms us to journey, where vouchsafes to stay ;
And men we muster. Scarce had summer dawned
When, as my sire Anchises now bade hoist
Sail to the breath of fate, with tears I quit
My native shores, the harbours, and the plains
Where once was Troy. An exile forth I fare
Upon the deep with comrades and with son,
My hearth's Penates, and the mighty gods.

' There lies a land afar with widespread plains
Dear to the war-god, which the Thracians till,
Once swayed by fierce Lycurgus, from of old
With hospitable hearth-ties knit to Troy,

While yet her fortune stood. Hither I sail,
And, with fate frowning on my first essay,
Upon the winding shore trace city walls,
And, from my own name, name them *Æneadæ*.

' Unto Dione's child, my mother, I,
And to the gods, was doing sacrifice,
As prosperers of our toil, to heaven's high king
Slaughtering a sleek bull on the shore : hard by
A hillock stood with cornel-coppice crowned,
And myrtles bristling thick with spear-shaft wands.
Approaching, by main force I strove to pluck
The greenwood from the ground, that I might deck
With leafy boughs the altar, when a sight
Portentous meets my gaze, and strange to tell.
For from the first tree, torn with severed roots
From out the soil, trickle black gouts of blood,
That stain the earth with gore. My limbs quake
chilled
With horror, and cold fear congeals my blood.
A second stubborn wand once more I turn
To pluck me, and probe deep the hidden cause ;
And black blood follows from the bark once more.
Much pondering in my heart, I 'gan to pray
The wood-nymphs and Gradivus, too, my sire,
Guardian of Getic land, to prosper well
The vision, and make light the omen ; but,
When for the third time, and with mightier heft,
The spear-wands I assail, and tug and strain
With bent knees 'gainst the opposing sand—should I

Speak or be silent? from the mound's recess
A piteous groan is heard, and to mine ears
An answer borne: "Why rendest thou a wretch
Like me, Æneas? At last within my grave
Spare me, and spare those righteous hands to stain.
Troy-born am I, no alien to thee,
Nor from a mere log flow these blood-drops: ah!
Fly, fly the ruthless land, the shore of greed;
For I am Polydorus, here transfix'd
And overwhelmed by crop of iron spears
With pointed pikes upspringing." Then, indeed,
Quelled with distracting fear I stood amazed:
My hair rose, and the voice stuck in my throat.

'This Polydorus, with vast weight of gold,
Unhappy Priam erst had secretly
To care of Thracia's king consigned, when now
Misdoubting of the Dardan arms, he saw
His city girdled by the leaguers' ring.
But Teucria's power once crushed, her fortune fled,
The Thracian, following the victorious arms
And star of Agamemnon, snaps all ties
Of honour, and, Polydorus done to death,
Lays his rude gripe upon the gold. To what—
Drivest thou not man's heart, O lust of gold
Accursed? When the trembling left my frame,
To chosen heads of the people I recount—
My sire in chief—the portents of the gods,
Demand their judgment. All are of one mind
To quit the land of crime, fly friendship stained,

And give our fleet the south wind. So we pay
The rites of death to Polydorus, heap
A huge mound o'er him : altars to his shade
Sad with blue fillets and black cypress stand,
And round them, with locks loosed in wonted wise,
The Ilian women : cups of milk a-foam
Yet warm, and bowls of consecrated blood
We offer, and lay the spirit in the tomb,
And with loud voices raise the farewell cry.

‘ Soon as the deep gave promise fair, and winds
Had lulled the main, and Auster soughing low
Gave seaward summons, to the beach my crews
Haul down the ships, and throng the shore. Then
forth

From harbour fare we ; lands and cities fade.
In the mid main a sacred home there lies,
Unto the mother of the Nereids none,
Or to *Æ*gean Neptune, dearer : this
Once round the shores and sea-rims wandering
With filial love the Bearer of the bow
To Myconos high-cragged and Gyarus bound,
And steadfast planting taught to laugh at storms.
Hither I sail ; a safe port’s halcyon calm
Here greets the weary crews ; to land we leap,
Worship Apollo’s town. King Anius—
King among men, and priest of Phœbus too—
Brow-bound with fillets and the sacred bay,
Speeds towards us ; in Anchises an old friend
He knows : so clasping hospitable hands,

His roof we enter.

‘ I was worshipping
The antique stone-built temple of the god :
“ Give us a home that shall be ours, O lord
Of Thymbra ; ramparts to the way-worn give,
A breed of sons, a lasting city : keep
Unscathed Troy’s second bulwark, what remains
‘Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell.
Whom must we follow ? whither bid’st us go ?
Where fix our habitation ? Father, grant
A sign from heaven, and sink into our souls.”

‘ Scarce had I spoke when suddenly meseemed
All things ’gan tremble, doors and sacred bay ;
And the whole mountain moves ; the shrine flies ope,
The caldron rumbles. Prone to earth we fall,
While to our ears is borne a voice : “ O sons
Of Dardanus long-suffering, that same land,
Which bare you first from your ancestral stem,
Shall to her fertile bosom welcome back :
Seek out your ancient mother ; there shall reign
The house of Æneas o’er the world’s wide shores,
And his sons’ sons, and all their seed to be.”
So Phœbus : and a mighty joy arose
Confused, tumultuous ; with one voice they cry,
“ What is this city whither Phœbus now
Summons the wanderers, bids them to return ? ”
Then, pondering records of the men of old,
Thus spake my sire : “ Hearken, ye lords of Troy,
And learn what hopes are yours : amidst the main

Lies Crete, of mighty Jove the island, where
 Mount Ida, and where the cradle of our race ;
 A hundred mighty towns folk dwell in there,
 A realm most fertile, whence our earliest sire
 Teucer, if rightly I recall the tale,
 Was wafted first to the Rhœtean shore,
 And chose a site for sovereignty ; as yet
 Nor Ilium nor the towers of Pergamus
 Had stood : men dwelt in the low valleys ; hence
 The mother, haunter of Mount Cybele,
 The Corybantian cymbals, Ida's grove ;
 Hence the close secret of her rites, and those
 Yoked lions harnessed to her queenly car.
 Up therefore ! hie we where Heaven's bidding leads,
 Appear the winds, and seek the Gnosian realm :
 Nor is 't a long run thither ; Jove to aid,
 The third dawn lands us on the Cretan shore." So saying, due offerings at the shrine he slays,
 A bull for Neptune, a bull too for thee,
 O fair Apollo, a lamb black for storm,
 White for the favouring Zephyrs.

‘Rumour flies

That Prince Idomeneus, a banished man,
 Hath quit his father's realm, the shores of Crete
 Abandoned, that her hearths are void of foes,
 Homes empty for our advent. Straight we leave
 Ortygia's harbour, and o'er ocean fly,
 Past Naxos with her Bacchant-haunted heights,
 And green Donysa, past Olearos,

And snowy Paros, and the Cyclades
Sprent o'er the main, and we thrid seas that race
By crowded islands : high the seamen's shout
Rises amid their changeful toil : the crews
Bid make for Crete and for our sires : a breeze
Springing astern conveys us, and at length
To the Curetes' ancient shores we glide.
So eagerly my chosen city's walls
I 'gin to build, Pergamea calling it,
And bid my people glorying in the name
Cleave to their hearths, and rear a roofed hold.
Scarce were the ships hauled dry ashore, the youth
Busied with marriage and new fields to till—
I laws and homes assigning—when there fell
Upon men's limbs from heaven's infected arch
A sudden wasting, and on trees and crops
Piteous contagion—a year fraught with death.
They left their pleasant lives, or dragged about
Sick bodies ; Sirius too baked bare the fields ;
Grass withered ; the sick crop denied her food.
Back to Ortygia's oracle my sire
Bids us retraverse Ocean, and implore
The grace of Phœbus ; to our weary plight
What end vouchsafes he, whence would have us seek
Aid for our trouble, whither steer our course ?
‘ ’Twas night : sleep held all creatures upon earth,
When lo ! the sacred emblems of the gods
The Phrygian Penates, out of Troy
Borne with me from amidst the blazing town

Seemed, as I lay in slumber, to stand forth
Before mine eyes, clear in a flood of light,
Where streamed the full moon through the casement-
shaft,

Then thus to address me, and allay my pain
With words like these : " What yonder should be told
thee

Arrived Ortygia, from Apollo's lips,
Lo ! here he utters, unsolicited
Sending us to thy very threshold, we,
Who from Dardania's burning have thyself
And thine arms followed, in the fleet thou leddest
Crossing the swollen deep—even we no less
Will lift to heaven thy sons that shall be born,
Grant empire to thy city. But do thou
Found mighty ramparts for the mighty, nor
Shirk the long toil of flight. Shift hence thy home :
Not these the shores portended, nor in Crete
Doth Delian Apollo bid thee dwell.

There is a spot by Greeks Hesperia named,
A land of old, mighty in arms, in soil
Prolific, which the Cenotrian heroes tilled,
Now by a later race called Italy,
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.

There is our sure home ; hence sprang Dardanus,
And sire Iasius, founder of our race.

Arise, be glad, and to thy father old
Bear this no doubtful mandate, that he seek
Corythus and Ausonia's land ; the fields

Of Dicte Jove denies thee!" Sore amazed
By such a vision and the voice of gods—
Nor was that slumber: face to face I seemed
Their mien, their wreathèd locks to recognise,
And their divine regard, while a chill sweat
Over my whole frame ran—from bed I hurl me,
And raising voice and upturned hands to heaven,
Pour unpolluted offerings on the hearth.
That homage paid, exulting I make known
All to Anchises, point by point revealed.
The twofold line, the double stock, himself
Fooled by a new confusion of old lands,
He owns, then cries aloud, "Son, long the sport
Of Ilium's fate, Cassandra erst alone
Chanted this hap to me: I now recall
She thus foretold our destiny, and oft
Invoked Hesperia, oft the Italian realm.
But that the Teucrians to Hesperia's shore
Should come indeed, who could have thought it? whom
Then would Cassandra's prophecies have swayed?
Yield we to Phœbus' warning, and pursue
The wiser course." He spake, and all with joy
His word obey; this second home we quit,
Leaving some few behind, and with sails set
Scour the waste ocean in our hollow bark.

' Soon as our galleys gained the open deep,
And now no longer land appeared, but lo!
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides sky,
Then stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o'er my head

Laden with night and tempest, and the wave
Shuddered beneath the gloom. At once the winds
Roll up the sea, and mighty billows rise :
Scattered, we toss upon the weltering waste :
Clouds wrapped the daylight, dank night stole the sky,
And fire burst through the welkin, flash on flash.
We are hurled out of our course, and wander on
O'er the blind waters. Palinurus even
Vows he discerns not day from night in heaven,
Nor in mid-wave can mind him of the track.
For three full days dim with blind mist we drift
Upon the deep, as many starless nights.
On the fourth day at length land first was seen
To crown the horizon, opening out afar
Mountains and wreathèd smoke. Down drop the sails,
We rise upon our oars ; with eager strain
The seamen churn the foam, and sweep the blue.

‘ Saved from the waves, me first the Strophad shores
Receive ; the Strophades—their Grecian name—
Lie in the great Ionian, island-haunts
Of fell Celaeno and her Harpy crew,
Since Phineus’ door closed on them, and they fled
Scared from their former board. More foul than they
No portent, and no fiercer plague or wrath
Of heaven e’er rose from out the Stygian wave,
Birds maiden-faced, their belly’s excrement
Most noisome, and with hooked hands and cheeks
Blanched with eternal famine

Hither then

Borne safe, and entering harbour, lo ! we spy
Rich herds of oxen scattered o'er the plain,
And flocks too of the goat-tribe on the grass
Untended ; we rush on them with the sword,
And call upon the gods and Jove himself
To share and spoil, then on the winding shore
Pile couches up, and feast on the rich fare.
But sudden from the hills with fearful swoop
The Harpies are upon us, and clap loud
Their hurtling wings, and snatch the food away,
Polluting all things with their filthy touch ;
Fearful at once their cry, and foul their smell.
In deep recess beneath a hollow rock,
Curtained with trees and bristling shade, once more
We lay the board, renew the altar-fires :
When from a diverse point of heaven once more
Out of some hidden lair the clamorous rout
Come winging round the prey with hooked feet,
And taint the food with tasting. Then I charge
My comrades seize their weapons and make war
On the fell brood. As bidden, they do, range swords
In the grass-covert, and hide shields from sight.
So when along the winding shore their swoop
Sounded, Misenus from his lofty watch
With hollow brass gives warning : to the assault
My comrades rush, and a strange warfare try—
To harry with the sword these ominous birds
Of ocean. But their feathers take no hurt,
Their flesh no wound, and, soaring swift on high,

They leave behind them the half-eaten prey
And their foul traces. One, Celæno, perched
On a tall crag, ill-boding prophetess,
Bursts into words like these : “ So, is it war
For our kine slaughtered and our bullocks felled,
Sons of Laomedon—war, ye would wage
Against us, and the blameless Harpies drive
Forth from their father’s realm ? Take then to heart
My words, and write them there : what prophecies
The Sire Omnipotent taught Phœbus once,
Phœbus Apollo me, I, mightiest
Of Furies, now make known to you : the goal
Ye seek is Italy ; to Italy,
The winds invoking, shall ye come, be free
Her ports to enter : but your destined town
With walls ye shall not gird, till famine dire
And your outrageous onslaught upon us
Drive you to gnaw your tables and devour.”
She spake, and to the forest winged her way.
As for my comrades, a quick chill of fear
Curdled the blood within them ; their hearts fell ;
No more with arms, but vows and prayers they now
Bid sue for grace, or be they goddesses,
Or dread ill-omened birds : ay, and my sire
Anchises from the shore with outspread hands
Calls on the mighty ones of heaven, proclaims
Due sacrifice : “ Ye gods, avert their threats,
Such evil hap forbend, and with your peace
Preserve the good.’ Then bids he rend away

The rope from shore, uncoil and ease the sheets.
The south winds stretch our canvas : fast we fly
Over the foaming waters, borne along
As wind and helmsman summoned. Now appears
In the sea's midst Zacynthus and her woods,
Dulichium, Samë, and the towering cliffs
Of Neritos ; we hurry by the rocks
Of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, and curse
The land that gave to feil Ulysses birth.
Soon too Leucate's stormy peaks, and lo !
Apollo, feared of seamen, heaves in sight :
Weary, for him we make, and enter so
The little town : our anchor from the prow
Is cast, the sterns stand ranged along the shore.
So beyond hope at length achieving land,
To Jove we purify us, with our vows
Kindling the altar, and crowd Actium's shore
With Ilian games : my comrades strip, and ply,
All smooth with oil, their native wrestling-bouts,
Glad to have 'scaped so many Argive towns,
And through the midst of foes our flight pursued.
Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,
And winter's icy north winds fret the sea.
A shield of hollow brass, great Abas erst
Had wielded, on the portals' front I fix,
And with this line commemorate the deed :—
“Aeneas' spoil, from Danaan conquerors won,”
Then bid them quit the harbour, man the thwarts
With eager zeal my comrades lash the sea,

And sweep the watery floor. Anon we let
Phaeacia's airy summits drop from view,
And skirt Epirus' shore, till entering
The harbour of Chaonia, we draw nigh
Buthrotum's high-built city. Here a tale
Of things incredible assails our ears,
That Helenus, Priam's son, was reigning now
Over Grecian cities, master of the bride
And crown of Pyrrhus, son of Æacus,
And that Andromache had thus once more
Passed to a lord of her own race. Amazed
I stood, and my heart burned with strange desire
To accost the hero, from his lips to learn
Fortunes so strange. On from the port I fare,
Leave fleet and shore behind me, when it chanced
That nigh the city, in a grove, where flowed
A mimic Simois, Andromache
Her yearly feast was offering, gifts of grief,
Unto the ashes, summoning the shade
To Hector's tomb, which with green turf, though void,
She had hallowed, and twin altars, where to weep.
Soon as her wildered eyes beheld me coming,
With Trojan arms about me, scared at such
A portent, her limbs stiffen in mid gaze,
Warmth left her frame, she swoons, and scarce at length
Breaks the long silence : " Is 't thy very face ?
Com'st thou indeed with tidings, goddess-born,
A living man ? or if the genial light
Hath faded from thee, where is Hector ? " So

With showers of tears she spake, and all the place
Filled with her shrieking. To that passionate cry
Scarce can I frame brief answer, and, much moved,
Gasp out in faltering accents : "I indeed
Live, and my life through all extremes drag on :
Doubt not, thine eyes see truly : ah ! what chance
Hurled from that height of wedded love receives thee,
What fortune worthy of her past hath found
Hector's Andromache ? art still the wife
Of Pyrrhus ?" With downcast eyes and bated breath
She spake : "O blest beyond all women else
The maiden child of Priam, bidden to die
'Neath Troy's tall ramparts, at the foeman's tomb,
She who ne'er brooked the casting of the lot,
Nor, captive, touched a conquering master's bed !
We, our home burnt, o'er distant oceans borne,
Have from Achilles' heir endured the pride
Of youthful insolence, borne him a son
In slavery : he, wooing afterward
Leda's Hermione, and nuptial ties
With Lacedæmon, me to Helenus,
Bondmaid to bondsman did consign. But him
Orestes, with fierce love for his stol'n bride
Fired, and still goaded by the fiends of crime,
At his ancestral altars unaware,
Waylaid and slaughtered. Neoptolemus
Thus dying, a portion of the realm he swayed
Passed o'er to Helenus, who called the fields
Chaonian, and Chaonia all the land,

From Trojan Chaon, and topped the heights with this
New Pergamus and Ilian citadel.

But thou—what winds, what fates have shaped thy
course?

Or what god driven unwitting to our shores ?

How fares the boy Ascanius ? lives he yet
And drinks the air of heaven ? whom while in Troy—
But still to his lost mother doth he yearn

With boyish love ? Æneas for his sire,

Hector his uncle—do these kindle him

To antique prowess, and mettle of a man ?”

So poured she forth her sorrow, and long she wept
Idly, when lo ! advancing from the walls,

The hero-son of Priam, Helenus,

Comes with a mighty train, and his old friends
He knows, and leads them to his home with joy,

But all his utterance broke with bursting tears.

At every forward step I recognise

Troy, but in little, here a Pergamus

The model of the mighty, there, though parched,

A river that from Xanthus takes its name,

And clasp the portals of a Scæan gate.

Along with me the Teucrians too enjoy

The friendly city ; the king welcomed them

In spacious cloisters ; midmost of the court

They poured out cups of Bacchus, the meats set
On golden platters, goblets in their hand.

‘ And now a day and yet another day

Has come and gone ; the breeze invites our sails ;

The south wind swells, and puffs the canvas out,
When, with these words approaching, I thus seek
An answer from the seer : " Thou son of Troy,
Interpreter of heaven, who dost the will
Of Phœbus know, the tripods, and the bays
Dear to the Clarian god, the stars, and tongues
Of birds, and omens of the flying wing,
Come tell me—for the favouring voice of heaven
Hath my whole course declared, and one and all
The gods with power divine urged me to make
For Italy, and distant lands explore ;
Only Celæno with her Harpy voice
Chants a strange portent horrible to tell,
Boding fierce wrath and hideous famine—say
What perils first am I to shun, or by
What clue surmount such heights of suffering ? "

Then with due sacrifice of slaughtered steers
First Helenus implores the grace of heaven,
Unbinds the fillets from his sacred brow,
And with his own hand to thy temple-gates,
O Phœbus, leads me wildered with excess
Of godhead, then at last with priestly lips
Chants this prophetic utterance : " Goddess-born—
For that thou journeyest over sea, led on
By mightier omens, plain the proof, so draws
The king of gods the destinies, and rolls
The shifting changes ; such their circling course—
Few things of many, that thou may'st safelier track
Strange seas, and settle in Ausonia's port,

I will unfold thee : what remains to know
The sister-fates from Helenus withhold,
Saturnian Juno to his tongue denies.
First, Italy, which e'en now thou deemest near,
Fain blindly to attempt the neighbouring ports,
Long tracts of country, a long pathless way,
Divide from thee : ay, in Trinacrian waves
First must thine oar be bent, and thy ships pass
The salt Ausonian main, the infernal lakes,
Ææan Circe's isle, ere thou may'st found
Upon safe shore thy city. And tokens I
Will give thee ; do thou keep them stored in mind.
When by the wave of a sequestered stream
Thine anxious eye lights on a monstrous sow,
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid,
With thirty head of swine new-littered, white,
Stretched out along the ground, white too the young
About her udders, know that there shall be
Thy city's site, here a sure rest from toil.
And shudder not, though ye be doomed to gnaw
Your tables ; for the Fates will find a way,
Apollo hear and aid you ; but these shores,
The border of the Italian coast, that lies
Nearest, by waves of our own ocean washed,
Fly, for in all their towns dwell evil Greeks.
Here have the Locri from Narycia built
Cities, and Lyctian Idomeneus
Filled the Sallentine fields with soldiery.
Here stands Petelia, propped upon its wall,

The tiny town of Philoctetes, lord
Of Melibea. Nay, when o'er the main
Wafted, thy fleet hath anchored, and ashore
On new-built altars thou shalt pay thy vows,
First with a purple robe veil-o'er thy locks,
Lest in mid worship, while the sacred fires
Yet burn, a foeman's face meet thine, and mar
The omens. And this ceremonial rite
So let thy comrades, as thyself, observe,
And in its holy use thy sons abide
Blameless. But when, departing thence, the wind
Nigh to Sicilia's coast shall waft thee, and
Pelorum's narrow bars asunder draw,
Cleave to the leftward land, the leftward sea,
Though long the circuit; shun the right, both shore
And water. For this region once, 'tis said,
By violence and huge convulsion torn—
Such power of change is in long lapse of time—
Leapt into twain, that were one land before,
Continuous; and amidst them broke the sea,
And with its waves cut off Hesperia's side
From Sicily's, and flowed, a narrow firth,
'Twixt fields and cities sundered, shore from shore.
The right side Scylla doth beset, the left
Implacable Charybdis, ay and thrice
In the deep whirl of her abyss sheer down
She sucks huge billows, and anon to heaven
Rears them in turn, and whips the stars with spray
But Scylla, penned in a blind cave's recess,

Thrusts forth her mouth, drags vessels on the rocks,
Upward, of human visage, and a maid
Fair-breasted to the waist, beneath, a fish
Of bulk portentous, and with dolphin's tail
Joined to wolf's belly. Better to lag round
Trinacrian Pachynus as your goal,
The long slow circuit fetch, than once have seen
Deformèd Scylla in her cavern vast,
And rocks that to her dark blue sea-dogs ring.
Ay, and if Helenus foreknoweth aught,
And as a seer win credence, if his soul
Brim with Apollo's truth, one prescient word
Ay, one for all, I'll give thee, goddess-born,
And urge the admonition o'er and o'er ;
Great Juno's godhead honour first with prayer ;
To Juno chant thy willing vows, and quell
With suppliant gifts the mighty queen : for so
Victor at last, Trinacia left behind,
Shalt thou to Italy's far bourne be sped.
Here landed, when to Cumæ's town thou comest,
The holy lakes, Avernus' echoing groves,
Thou shalt the frenzied prophetess behold,
Who in a rock's deep hollow chants the Fates,
To leaves committing characters and names.
All prophecies upon the leaves impressed
The maid in order ranges, left to lie
Shut up within the cavern : they remain
Unmoved in place, nor from their order stir,
But none the less, when with the turning hinge

A draught of air strikes, and the open door
Unsettles the light leaves, ne'er heeds she then
To catch them, as they flutter round the cave,
Restore their places, or fit line to line :
Men go their ways uncounselled, and detest
The Sibyl's seat. There count no loss of time
Too dear, though comrades chide thee, though the
voyage

Press and provoke thy sails to sea, and thou
Might'st fill their favouring hollows, but approach
The prophetess, and with thy prayers implore
Herself to chant the oracles, and unlock
Her willing lips in speech. She will unfold
The tribes of Italy, and wars to be,
And how to shun or suffer every toil,
And to thy prayer vouchsafe a prosperous voyage
Thus far my voice may warn thee : up, away !
And by thy deeds lift Troy in might to heaven."

' So spake the seer with kindly word, then gifts
Heavy with gold and carven ivory
Bids to the ships be brought, stows massive silver
And Dodonean caldrons in our keels,
A ring-wrought hauberk triple-twilled with gold,
And superb helmet, cone and flowing crest,
The arms of Neoptolemus. My sire
Has gifts too of his own : horses beside
And guides he sends with us, fills up the tale
Of oarsmen, and equips the crews with arms.

' Meanwhile Anchises bids rig out the fleet

Nor longer dally with the wafting wind.
Him the interpreter of Phœbus then
With high regard addressed : “ Anchises, deemed
Meet for the holy hand of Venus, loved
Of Heaven, twice rescued from Troy’s falling towers,
There lies Ausonia’s land : make sail and seize it ;
Yet hold the deep, pass by the nearer coast,
Needs must thou ; of Ausonia, see, the tract
Apollo doth reveal lies yonder far.
Go forth,” said he, “ in thy son’s goodness blest !
Why lengthen words, delaying while I speak
The rising gales ? ” Nor less Andromache,
Sad at the final parting, brings forth robes
With gold woof broidered, and a Phrygian scarf
For Ascanius, nor scants aught of courtesy,
But loads him with her loom-gifts, and thus speaks :
“ These too, as tokens of my hand, receive,
Dear boy, in witness of the lasting love
Of Hector’s wife Andromache ; ay, take
The last gifts of thy kin, sole likeness thou
Still left me of my own Astyanax !
Such eyes, such hands, such looks he wore ; his youth
Had now been ripening to like years with thine.”
I, as I left them, spake with rising tears :
“ Live, and be happy, ye, whose destined course
Is now accomplished ; we from fate to fate
Must still be summoned, but your rest is won :
No plain of ocean need ye plough, pursue
No still retreating far Ausonian fields.

A copy here of Xanthus, and a Troy
Do ye behold which your own hands have made,
I trust with happier omen, and less apt
For Grecian inroad. But if ever I
To Tiber come, and Tiber's bordering fields,
And see the ramparts to my race assigned,
Our sister cities and their kindred folk,
Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,
Who boast the self-same founder, Dardanus,
The self-same fortunes, we will yet some day
Take, and of twain create one Troy in heart :
That task be left to our posterity."

— On through the deep we speed, and skirt the near
Ceraunians, whence the way to Italy,
And shortest passage o'er the waves. Meanwhile,
The sun drops, and the hills are veiled in gloom.
On the earth's welcome bosom, meting out
The oars by lot, we stretch us by the wave,
And, on the dry beach scattered, court repose :
Slumber bedews our weary limbs. Nor yet,
Driven by the Hours, was Night to her mid course
Attaining, when, no sluggard, from his couch
Springs Palinurus, every wind explores,
Catching the breeze with listening ears : he marks
All stars that swim the silent sky, surveys
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,
The Twin Bears, and Orion armed in gold.
Seeing a set calm in a cloudless heaven,
Loudly he signals from the stern ; our camp

Is broken up ; we venture on the voyage,
Spreading our sail wings. And Aurora now
Was reddening, and the stars were put to flight,
When in the distance we descried dim hills,
And Italy's low coast-line. "Italy"
First cries Achates ; Italy our crews
Hail with a shout of triumph. Then my sire
Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl with flowers,
And filled with wine, and called upon the gods,
Standing upon the lofty stern. "Ye gods,
Lords both of land and ocean with their storms,
Waft us a fair course, and breathe favouring gales."
The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port
Widens with narrowing distance, and clear seen
The temple of Minerva tops the height.
My comrades furl the sails, and shoreward steer.
The harbour there by eastern waves is bent
Bow-wise ; with salt spray foam the barrier cliffs ;
The port itself lies hidden ; the towered rocks
Lower their arms, on either side a wall ;
The temple from the shore retires. Four steeds
Here on the grass, first omen, I beheld,
Grazing the plain at large, and white as snow.
Then Sire Anchises : " War it is thou bringest,
O stranger-country ! Steeds are armed for war,
And war these herds portend us. Yet at times
The same beasts use to bow them to the car,
And, yoked together, bear the friendly rein ;
Yea, there is hope of peace too." Then we pray

To sacred Pallas, queen of clanging arms,
Who first with joy received us, and with heads
Before the altar veiled in Phrygian robe,
As Helenus had so straitly charged us, offer
To Argive Juno the full rites prescribed.

Then without stay, each solemn vow performed,
Shifting the sail-yard horns, we quit the homes
Of Greek-born folk, and their suspected fields.

Next, known to Hercules, if true the tale,
Tarentum's gulf is sighted, while in front
Rises Lacinium's goddess, Caulon's heights,
Ship-wrecking Scylaceum. Then, far off
Out of the deep comes looming into sight
Trinacrian Aetna, and a mighty moan

Of ocean hear we, and rocks buffeted
Afar, and broken sounds upon the beach ;
The depths leap up, and sand and surges mix.

Then Sire Anchises : " Doubtless this is that
Charybdis, these the crags and fearful rocks
That Helenus foretold. Rescue, my friends !
Rise on your oars together." Nought they fail
To do his bidding, and Palinurus first
To the waves leftward turns her groaning prow ;
Leftward the whole fleet strain with oar and breeze.
On the arched billow we mount up to heaven,
And once more, as the floods fail under us,
Sink to the shades below. Thrice roared the rocks
Amid their craggy hollows, thrice we saw
The foam dashed up, and the stars raining spray.

Meanwhile, outwared, wind and sun together
Failed us, and, all unwitting of the track,
To the Cyclopes' shores we drift.

‘ There lies
A harbour sheltered from the wind's approach,
Spacious itself ; but *Ætna* hard at hand
With hideous ruin thunders, and anon
Shoots a dark cloud to heaven of whirling smoke
Pitch-black, with glowing ashes, and aloft
Heaves balls of fire, and licks the stars ; anon
Rocks and the upturn entrails of the hill
Spews forth, and heaps the molten stones in air
Booming, and from his lowest depth upboils.
‘ Tis said the huge frame of Enceladus
Half-burnt by lightning, ’neath this mountain mass
Lies buried, while giant *Ætna*, piled above,
Bursts into channels, and breathes forth the fire :
Oft as he shifts his side for weariness,
Trinacria’s whole bulk with the rumbling quakes,
And curtains heaven with smoke. Screened by the
woods,
That night the monstrous portent we endure,
Yet cause of sound discern not : for no stars
Were burning, nor the vault was bright above
With constellations but a dark pall hid
The heavens, and dead night held the moon in cloud.

‘ And now the next dawn in the utmost east
Was breaking, and Aurora had dispelled
Dank shadows from the sky, when suddenly

Out of the woods, by extreme hunger worn,
Stalks the strange figure of an unknown man,
In piteous plight, and stretching suppliant hands
Toward the shore. We turn to gaze on him.
Ghastly his squalor, with a beard grown wild,
A garb thorn-fastened : in all else a Greek,
And in his country's arms once sent to Troy.
He when our Dardan guise, our Trojan arms,
Far off he saw, a little at the sight
Hung back afeard, and stayed his steps, but soon
With tears and prayers ran headlong to the shore :
“ Now, by the stars, and by the gods above
Ay, and this light of heaven we breathe, take me,
Ye Teucrians, I conjure you ; bear me hence
To whatso land ye will ; it shall suffice.
One of the Danaan fleet am I, I know it,
Own I assailed your Ilian hearths with war :
Wherfore, so heinous if my crime's offence,
Fling me piecemeal into the waves, or drown
In the vast ocean. If I die, 'twill be
Joy to have died by human hands.’ So saying,
He clasped our knees, to our knees, writhing, clung
We urge him say what, and from whence, he is,
Next, how by fortune bandied, to confess.
My sire Anchises, with no long delay,
Himself extends his right hand to the youth,
And with the ready pledge assures him ; he,
Fear banished, speaks at length : “ An Ithacan
By birth am I, and comrade of ill-starred

Ulysses ; Achæmenides my name :
Since poor my sire Adrastus—would to heaven
That fortune still were mine !—I came to Troy.
Here in their haste these cruel doors to quit,
My friends forgot, and in the monstrous cave
Of Cyclops left me. 'Tis a house of gore
And bloody banquetings, huge, dim within ;
Himself, uptowering, strikes the stars on high—
Ye gods, rid earth of such a plague—by none
To be eyed lightly, or in speech addressed.
On wretches' flesh and their dark blood he feeds.
I myself saw of our own number twain,
In the cave's midst as he lay backward, clutched
By his huge hand, and dashed against the rock,
And the floor drenched and swimming with their blood :
Saw, when their limbs, all dripping with black gore,
He munched, the warm joints quivering 'twixt his
teeth ;
But not, I trow, unpunished : nor such things
Ulysses brooked, nor was the Ithacan
In that sore strait forgetful of himself.
For when, with feasting gorged, and drowned in wine,
The monster dropped his lolling neck, and lay
Along the cave, disgorging as he slept,
Man's blood, and morsels mixed with gory wine,
We, the lots drawn, and the great powers implored,
Pour round him in one flood on every side,
And with a whetted brand bore out his eye,
Monstrous, hid sole beneath the scowling brow,

Like Argive shield or lamp of Phœbus, glad
Thus to avenge at length our comrades' shades.
But fly, ye hapless, fly, rend rope from shore :
For such, so vast, as Polyphemus here
Penning in hollow cave his fleecy flocks,
Or wringing dry their udders, a hundred more
House them at large along this winding coast,
Fell Cyclops-crew, and roam the mountain-tops.
Thrice hath the moon now filled her horns with light,
While with the beasts, in the lone forest-lairs
They haunt, I drag my life on, from the rock
Peering the vast Cyclopes to behold,
Or trembling at their voices and their tread.
Berries and stony cornels from the boughs,
And upturn herb-roots yield me sorry fare.
All quarters scanning I at last beheld
This fleet of yours stand shoreward, and to this,
Prove what it might, consigned me : 'tis enough
To have escaped the monster-brood : do ye
Rather, by any death, cut short my days."

' Scarce had he spoke, when on the mountain-top
Himself, in mighty bulk among his flocks
Moving, and making for the well-known shore,
The shepherd Polyphemus we descry—
Monster fell, shapeless, vast, of eyesight reft.
Lopped by his hand a pine tree guides his steps
And steadies ; his woolly sheep beside him stray,
Sole pleasure, these, and solace of his ill.
Soon as he touched the deep waves, reached the main,

He laves therewith the flow of gore from out
His eyeless socket, and gnashing with his teeth
Groans, and through ocean now at midmost wades ;
Nor wetted yet the flood his towering sides.
Trembling we speed our flight afar, take up—
Meed well deserved—our suppliant, silently
Cut loose the rope, and bending forward sweep
With emulous oars the ocean. He perceived,
And turned his steps toward the sound : but when
No power is his to reach us with his hand,
Nor can he match the Ionian waves in chase,
A boundless roar he raises, that the sea
And all its billows trembled, and, far in,
Affrighted was the land of Italy,
And Ætna bellowed through his winding caves.
Thereat the race of Cyclops, from the woods
And lofty mountains startled, to the port
Rushes, and throngs the shore. We see them stand,
Each with his eye grim-low'ring, but in vain,
That brotherhood of Ætna, lifting high
Their heads to heaven, a fearful conclave ; as
When skyey oaks, or cone-hung cypresses,
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove,
Stand in a group. Keen terror headlong goads us,
Whithersoever to slack out the sheets,
And spread our canvas to the following breeze.
But Helenus' late warning bids them not
Twixt Scylla and Charybdis hold their course—
On this or that side but a step from death :

Backward to steer the purpose holds ; when lo !
The north wind from Pelorum's narrow home
Is launched upon us : I am wafted by
Pantagia's mouth of living rock, the bay
Of Megara, and low-lying Thapsus. Such
The shores he showed, unthredding all the track
Of his past wanderings—Achaemenides,
Ill-starred Ulysses' comrade.

‘ An isle lies
Stretched full in front of the Sicanian bay,
Wave-washed Plemmyrium, called by men of old
Ortygia. Hither, the tale runs, Alpheus
River of Elis, worked his hidden way
Beneath the sea, now, issuing at thy mouth
Blends, Arethusa, with Sicilian waves.
The mighty guardians of the spot, as bidden,
We worship ; then the o'er-fertile soil I pass
Of marshy-banked Helorus. Hence we skirt
Pachynum's lofty cliffs and jutting crags ;
Far off shows Camarina, fate ordained
To be molested never, and Gela's fields,
And Gela, from its furious river named ;
Thence towering Acragas displays afar
Its mighty walls, once breeder of brave steeds :
Thee too I leave behind me, with sails spread,
Palmy Selinus, and I thrid the shoals
Of Lilybæum, with blind rocks beset.
Anon the harbour and the joyless shore
Of Drepanum receives me Here alas !

So many ocean-storms o'er-blown, I lose—
Lightener of every chance and every care—
My sire Anchises. Best of fathers, here
Thou leav'st me to my weariness, alas !
Snatched from those mighty perils all in vain.
Nor did the prophet Helenus, 'mid all
His fearful bodings, of this grief foretell,
Nor dire Celæno. My last trouble this,
And this the goal of my long voyaging.
Departing hence, heaven drove me to your shores.'

Thus sire Æneas, 'mid the hush of all,
Alone rehearsed the destinies of heaven,
And taught them of his wanderings, then at length
Ceased, made an end of speaking, and was still.

BOOK IV

AENEID IV

But stricken long since with anguish deep, the queen
Feeds at her veins the wound, whose hidden fire
Consumes her. To her heart comes surging back
Full oft the manhood of the man, full oft
The lustre of his line : his looks, his words,
Cling rooted fast within her bosom's core,
And anguish to her frame calm sleep denies.
Now, with the torch of Phœbus, next day's dawn
Was traversing the world, and had from heaven
The dewy shade dispelled, when, ill at ease,
Thus, heart to heart, her sister she bespeaks :
'Anna, my sister, say what dreams are these
Perplex me and affright ? what wondrous guest
Hath entered 'neath our portals ? what a mien
He bears ! what strength of breast and shoulder ! I
Deem him — no idle fancy — sprung from gods :
Fear proves the base-born spirit. Ah ! me, what shocks
Of fate he sang, what draughts of battle drained !
Were not my heart's resolve set firm and fast,

With none to yoke in wedlock-bands, since he,
My first love, tricked me and betrayed by death,
Irked me not bridal torch and bridal bed,
To this one weakness I perchance had stooped.
Anna, for I will own it, since the doom
Of my poor lord Sychæus, and the hearth
Stained by a brother's blood-guilt, only he
Hath swayed my sense, my tottering heart o'erthrown.
Traces of that old flame I recognise :
But first I would that earth yawn deep for me
Or that the Sire Almighty with his bolt
May to the shades, pale shades of Erebus
And night abysmal, hurl me, before thee,
O shame, I outrage, or thy laws relax.
He, who first joined me to himself, hath borne
My heart away with him ; his only be it
To hold and guard within the grave.' So saying,
She filled her bosom with o'er-brimming tears.

'O dearer to thy sister than the light,'
Anna replies, 'wilt thou, till youth be done,
Still waste in lonely widowhood, nor e'er
The joy of children or love's guerdon know ?
Think'st thou that dust or buried shades to this
Give heed ? albeit no suitors heretofore
Have swayed thy pining heart in Libya, no,
Nor erst in Tyre—Iarbas thus was scorned,
And other lords to boot, whom Afric land
Rich in war's triumph rears—wilt brave no less
A love that likes thee ? dost not call to mind

Within whose borders thou art planted ? here
Gætulian cities hem thee in, a race
In war untamable, and therewithal
Numidia's reinless riders, and the shoals
Of barbarous Syrtis : yonder lies a tract
Barren with drought, and the wide-raging sons
Of Barce. Wherefore tell of war's alarms
Rising from Tyre, and thine own brother's threats ?
With gods to guide, methinks, and Juno's aid,
This man sailed hither in his Ilian keels.
Think what a city, sister, here thou'l see,
Ay, what a realm, arise, so husbanded !
With Teucria's arms beside her, to what pitch
Will soar the Punic glory ! only thou
Sue grace of heaven, and, expiation made,
Be lavish of good cheer, and interweave
Fresh pleas for tarriance, while on sea the storm
Still blusters, and Orion's watery star,
'Mid shattered barks, and skies implacable.'

So saying, she set her love-lit heart ablaze,
Made bold her wavering mind, and banished shame.
First they approach the shrines, and pardon seek
Amid the altars, duly-chosen ewes
To Ceres, lawgiver, and Phœbus slaying,
And sire Lyæus—Juno before all,
Mistress of wedlock-bands. Dido herself
In peerless beauty, with her right hand grasps
A cup, and pours it full betwixt the horns
Of a white-gleaming heifer, or moves on

Majestic, in the presence of the gods,
To the rich altars, and with sacrifice
Inaugurates the day, then, all agape,
Peering into the victims' cloven breasts,
Consults the quivering entrails. Ah! how blind
The eyes of seers ! love-frenzied, what can vows
Or shrines avail her? Ever the flame eats
Her tender heartstrings, and the wound is there
Silent, yet quick within her bosom's core.
So, all on fire, unhappy Dido roams
Raging throughout the city, as some hind
Shaft-stricken, at unawares 'mid Cretan groves,
Which from far off a shepherd, with his darts
Chasing, hath pierced, and left the wingèd barb
Not knowing ; through Dicte's woody glades in flight
She scours, the death-reed sticking in her side.
Now through the city's midst she with her leads
Æneas, displaying her Sidonian wealth
And town built ready : she essays to speak,
And in mid-utterance stops ; now, as day falls,
Seeking the selfsame board, poor fool ! she asks
Once more to hear the tale of Ilium's woe,
And hangs upon the speaker's lips once more.
Then, when the guests have parted, when in turn
The low moon hides her radiance, and the stars
Sinking invite to sleep, in the void hall
With lonely grief, on his abandoned couch
She casts her, and, though sundered each from each,
Hears him and sees, or to her bosom clasps

Ascanius, ravished by his father's look,
Her tyrant passion haply to beguile.
The half-reared turrets rise not, the youth ply
No martial exercise, nor harbours build,
Nor bastions for defence in war ; the works
Break off suspended, the high-threatening bulk
Of walls, and engines that uptower to heaven.

Her when the well-loved spouse of Jove beheld
By such a plague possessed, and her good name
No bar to madness, thus to Venus then
Spake Saturn's daughter : ' Peerless is the praise,
Ample the booty ye bear off, I wot,
Thou and thy boy, a great and famous name—
One woman by two gods o'ermatched with guile !
Me, soothly, it escapes not that thou fear'st
These walls of ours, tall Carthage and her homes
Eyeing askance ; but what shall be the end ?
Or whereto serves this mighty conflict now ?
Why rather work we not a lasting peace,
And plighted spousal-troth ? that, thy whole heart
Desired, thou hast. Dido with love's ablaze,
And through her frame the tide of frenzy spreads.
Rule we as one then, and with equal powers,
This people ; let her own a Phrygian lord,
And yield her Tyrians to thy hand as dower.'

Perceiving that in guile of heart she spake,
To shift Rome's empire to the Libyan shore,
Venus in turn addressed her : ' Who so fond
As to reject such offers, or make choice

With thee to strive for mastery, so but fortune
Wait on thy word's accomplishment ? but I
Drift doubtful of the fates, if Jupiter
To Tyrian folk and travellers from Troy
Wills but one city, or would have them blent
Nation with nation, or firm league be joined.
Thou art his wife ; for thee 'tis meet to probe
His heart with supplication ; do thou lead,
I follow.' Then royal Juno took the word :
'Leave me that task ; now, mark, I'll briefly teach
thee

How the main purpose may be compassèd.
Æneas, unhappy Dido at his side,
Goes forth to hunt amid the forest, when
Titan to-morrow's dawn shall first display,
And with his beams lay bare the world ; then I,
While huntsmen hurry, and hem the wood with snares
Will a black storm of mingled hail and rain
Pour down, with thunder the whole welkin wake.
Far will their train be sundered, by thick gloom
Enveloped ; Dido and the Trojan prince
To the same cave shall come. I will be there
To knit the twain, so stead me thy goodwill,
In wedlock sure, and seal her for his own.
Such shall their spousal be.' To her request
She of Cythera nodded, nothing loth,
And laughed at revelation of the guile.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the sea.
With dayspring from the gates a chosen band

Go forth ; mesh-woven toils, nets, hunting-spears
Broad-tipped with iron, Massylian horsemen too
Rush onward, and the dogs' keen-scented might.
The queen still loiters in her bower, the while
Her Punic lords beside the portal wait ;
See, housed in gold and purple her steed stands,
And fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length,
Thronged with a mighty concourse, forth she comes,
Clad in Sidonian scarf with broidered hem—
Gold quiver, and locks up-knotted into gold,
Gold too the brooch that clasps her purple robe !
Here 'mid the Phrygian train Iulus rides
Exulting. Comelier than all else himself
Æneas moves to meet them, joins the troop.
As when Apollo quits his winter-home,
Lycia, and Xanthus' floods, his mother's isle
Delos to visit, and renews the dance,
While round the altar in a motley throng
Shout with one voice Cretans and Dryopes,
And painted Agathyrsi ; he himself
Walks over Cynthus' height, his flowing hair
Trimmed with a wreath's soft pressure, twined with
gold ;
Clatter the shafts about his shoulders ; so,
Nor tardier-limbed than he, Æneas strode ;
Such beauty from his peerless face outshone.
Now to the heights and pathless coverts come,
Mark, how the wild goats from the crag-top scared
Run down the ridges ! yonder see the stags

Scour through the open in close-huddling herds,
Dust in their wake, and leave the hills behind.
But in the glen's heart young Ascanius
Joys in his fiery steed, now these, now those
Out-galloping, and, 'mid the timorous game,
Prays heaven a foaming boar his vows may bless,
Or tawny lion from the height come down.

Meanwhile with mutterings loud a mighty broil
Begins in heaven : rain follows, mixed with hail.
The Tyrian train and Trojan youth pell-mell,
With Venus' grandson, the Dardanian boy,
Dismayed, seek various shelter through the fields ;
Streams from the hillside race. The Trojan prince
And Dido to the self-same cavern come.
Earth first, and bridal Juno, gave the sign ;
Flashed at the nuptials fire and conscious air,
And shouted from their topmost peak the nymphs.
First day of death was that, first cause of ill ;
Swayed nor by outward show, nor rumour's tongue,
Dido of secret passion dreams no more :
Marriage she calls it—name to mask her fall.

Anon flies fame through Libya's mighty towns,
Fame, whom no other evil can outrun ;
Motion her might, strength gains she as she goes.
Small first through fear, soon she mounts up to heaven,
Plants foot on earth, and hides her head in cloud.
Her once, provoked to wrath against the gods,
Earth bare the latest of her brood, they say,
Sister to Cœus and Enceladus,

Swift-footed, fleet-winged, monster dreadful, vast,
Who, for each plume her body bears, beneath
Hath watchful eyes as many, strange to tell,
As many tongues, as many sounding mouths,
Pricks ears as many : by night 'twixt earth and heaven
She cleaves the darkness, hissing as she flies,
Nor ever droops her eyelids in sweet sleep :
By day she sits perched like a sentinel,
Or on high roof-top, or on lofty tower,
And scares great cities, prone to grip as fast
False tales and baseless, as bear tidings true.
She now with manifold discourse had joy
Folks' ears to fill, now fable and now fact
Rehearsing : that Æneas has arrived,
Sprung from the blood of Troy, with whom for lord
Fair Dido deigns to wed : now, each with each,
They lap the livelong winter in soft ease,
Heedless of empire, by base love enthralled.
Such tidings the foul goddess far and wide
Scatters from mouth to mouth : then straightway
bends
Her course to king Iarbas, and inflames
His heart with rumour, and heaps high his wrath.

He, sprung from Ammon and his ravished bride
A Garymantian nymph, to Jove had reared
Through his broad realms a hundred mighty fanes,
A hundred altars, and had hallowed there
Fire, the gods' sleepless sentry, to keep watch
For ever, a floor fat with blood of beasts

And portal with gay blossoms garlanded.
He, soul-distraught, fired with the bitter tale,
Is said, before the altars, and amidst
The majesties of heaven, to have outpoured
A flood of prayer with suppliant upturned hands
To Jove : ‘ Almighty Jupiter, to whom
The Moorish race, on broidered couches feasting,
Pour now the wine-god’s offering, seest thou this ?
Or is’t for nought we dread thee, sire, when thou
Hurlest thy thunderbolts, and do blind fires
Affright our spirit in the clouds, and brew
But empty rumblings ? lo ! a woman here,
Who wandering in our realm gat leave for gold
To found a paltry city, to whom we gave
Coastland to till, and laws of tenure—she
Hath our alliance spurned, and ta’en instead
Æneas to lord, and partner of her throne.
And now that Paris, with his emasculate train,
Chin and oiled hair with Lydian headgear propped,
Enjoys the spoil : we to thy fanes, ay thine,
Bring gifts forsooth, and nurse an empty tale.’

As thus he prayed and clasped the altar, lo !
Him the almighty heard, and turned his eyes
Toward the queen’s palace, and the lovers there
Of nobler fame forgetful, then with words
Like these addresses Mercury, and on such
An errand sends him : ‘ Hie thee forth, my son,
Invoke the Zephyrs, and glide upon the wing,
And to the Dardan chief who loiters now

In Tyrian Carthage, and regards no whit
 His fate-assignèd city, speak, bear safe
 Through the swift winds my word. Not such the
 man

His beauteous mother to our hopes foretold,
 Twice therefore rescued from the hosts of Greece,
 But one to rule o'er Italy, a land
 Teeming with empires, turbulent with war,
 Hand on the race from Teucer's blood derived,
 And to law's bidding make the whole world bow.
 If by such high renown he be not fired,
 Nor for his own fame brace him to the toil,
 Yet to Ascanius can his sire begrudge
 Rome's ramparts? what designs he? with what aim
 Loiters amid no friendly folk, forgetting
 Ausonia's race and the Lavinian fields?
 Let him aboard! this is the sum in brief;
 Hereof be thou my herald.'

He had said :

Anon the other made ready to obey
 His mighty sire's behest, and first he binds
 About his feet the golden anklets, which
 Wing-wafted bear him high o'er sea and land,
 Swift as the hurrying breeze, then grasps his wand,
 Wherewith from Orcus the pale ghosts he summons,
 Sends others to gloomy Tartarus below,
 Gives or bereaves of slumber, and unseals
 The eyes in death: on this relying, he drives
 The winds along, and skims the weltering clouds.

And now amidst his flight he sees the crest
And towering sides of stubborn Atlas, who
Props heaven upon his peak, Atlas, whose head
Pine-clothed, and girt for ever with dark clouds,
By wind and rain is buffeted : shed snow
Mantles his shoulders, while from his hoar chin
Streams tumble, and a beard bristles stiff with ice.
Here, poised on level pinions, stayed him first
The god Cyllenian, to the waves from hence
Plunged with his whole frame headlong, like a bird
Which round the shores, round the fish-haunted rocks,
Flies low beside the sea-marge : thus he flew
'Twixt earth and heaven o'er Libya's sandy shore,
And clove the winds, leaving his mother's sire,
Cyllene's nursling. Soon as his wing'd feet
Had gained the huts, Æneas he discerns
Building new homes, and founding towers, and lo !
A sword he wore, with yellow jasper starred,
And from his shoulders hung a cloak that burned
With Tyrian purple, wealthy Dido's gift,
Wrought by her hand, and tissued with fine gold.
Forthwith he thus assails him : ' Art thou now
Of lofty Caithage the foundations laying,
And rearing a fair city, wife-enthralled ?
Ah ! lost to thine own kingdom and its cares !
The lord of heaven himself from bright Olympus,
Who with his deity sways earth and sky,
Sends down, and through the swift breeze bids me
bear

This message : “ What design’st thou ? with what aim
 Squanderest in Libya’s land the idle hours ?
 If by such high renown thou be not stirred,
 Nor for thine own fame brace thee to the toil,
 Yet of Ascanius into manhood springing,
 Thine heir Iulus, and his hopes, bethink thee,
 To whom are owed the realm of Italy,
 The land of Rome.”’ So saying, Cyllene’s god
 Passed, while yet speaking, from the eyes of men,
 And into thin air vanished out of sight.

But at the vision stunned and speechless stood
 Æneas : his hair with horror rose, the voice
 Stuck in his throat : he burns to get him gone,
 And quit the pleasant land, dazed by so dread
 A warning, and the sovereign voice of heaven.
 What can he do ? Ah ! with what words approach
 The impassioned queen ? what opening prelude try ?
 This way and that he, parting his quick mind,
 Speeds it on divers tracks, all thoughts to scour,
 Till, wavering long, this counsel pleased him best.
 Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold
 He summons all silently to trim the fleet,
 Gather the crews on shore, and muster arms,
 And of his altered purpose hide the cause.
 Meanwhile, since gracious Dido knows not, nor
 Looks for so strong a passion to be snapped,
 He will try access, and what hour for speech
 Most tender, and what fashion fits the need.
 Right swiftly one and all his sovereign word

With joy obey, and do his bidding.

But

The queen—for who can lover's heart beguile?—
Divined it, caught at once the coming change,
Fearful where all was safety. Fame again,
Fiendish as ever, in her maddened ear
Cries that the fleet is rigging, ripe for sea.
Bankrupt at heart she rages, and on fire
Through all the town goes storming, like some
Mænad,
Roused by the shaken emblems, when with shout
Of Bacchus the triennial orgies goad,
And loud Cithæron summons her by night.
At length she first with words like these accosts
Æneas: ‘Deceiver, didst c'en think to hide
So foul a wrong, and from my land depart
In silence? Can our love, and hand once joined
In hand, not keep thee, nor the cruel death
In store for Dido? Nay, beneath the sky
Of winter even dost thou fit out thy fleet,
And 'mid the north wind's blustering haste to go,
O heartless, over-sea? Why, wert thou not
Bound for strange fields and unknown homes, and
were

Troy, as of old, still standing, would'st thou steer
Even for Troy across yon billowy deep?
Is it from me thou fliest? by these tears,
By thy right hand, since nought beside, alas!
Myself have left me, by our love's embrace,

And marriage-rites begun, if ever I
Did thee fair service, or if aught I am
Was dear to thee, pity a falling house,
And, if prayers yet have place, I thee conjure,
Cast the thought from thee. For thy sake the tribes
Of Libya, and the nomad chieftains, hate me,
And Tyrians turn to foes : for thy sake, too,
Quenched is my honour and good name of old,
By which alone I had access to heaven.
To whom dost thou abandon me to die,
O guest, since e'en to this has shrunk the name
Of husband ? Wherefore do I linger on ?
Is it that Pygmalion, my brother, may
Pull down, the while, my battlements, or me
Gætulian Iarbas make his thrall ?
If only, if before thy flight, my arms
Had clasped a child of thine, if in my hall
Some tiny-limbed *Aeneas* played, to bring
Thee back at least in feature, I had then
Not seemed so wholly captive and forlorn.'

She had said : the other by command of Jove
Kept his eyes fixed, and, struggling deep at heart
To smother down the anguish, thus at length
Returns brief answer : ' Nought that thou canst plead
Of all thy countless benefits, O queen,
Shall c'er by me be gainsaid, nor shall I
Tire of Elissa's memory, while of self
Still mindful, while the life-breath guides my limbs.
Brief be my words to meet the need : I neither

Took thought—suppose it not—to veil my flight
In secrecy, nor held before thee ever
The bridegroom's torch, or to such compact came.
Had fate vouchsafed me at mine own free will
Life's course to shape, and, as my own heart prompts,
Make truce with trouble, my first fond care had been
Troy's city, and the dear ashes of my friends ;
Priam's tall roof were standing, and this hand
Had, for her vanquished children, from the dust
Requicken'd Pergamus. But now Apollo,
The lord of Grynium, to great Italy,
To Italy the Lycian oracles,
Bid me repair : this is my love, and this
My country. If, Phœnician as thou art,
The towers of Carthage and a Libyan town
Hold thine eyes gazing, wherefore grudge, I ask,
To Teucrian settlers an Ausonian home ?
We too may quest for outland kingdoms : me,
Oft as the night with dewy shade enfolds
The world, oft as the starry fires arise,
My sire Anchises' spirit warns in sleep,
And with its troubled look affrights, me too
The thought of young Ascanius, and the wrong
To that dear head, from whom my fault withholds
Hesperia's empire and predestined fields.
Now too the interpreter of heaven, by Jove
Himself sent down—thy head and mine I call
To witness—through the flying air has brought
A mandate : I myself beheld the god

Entering the city in clear light of day,
And with these ears drank in his accents. Cease
With thy complaints to fire thy soul and mine ;
Not self-impelled steer I for Italy.'

On him, thus speaking, she was all the while
Glaring askance, and rolling to and fro
Her eyes, surveying with their silent looks
The whole man through, then thus blazed out in
words :

' No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus
The founder of thy line, false-hearted, but
Jaggèd with hard rocks, Caucasus begat thee,
And to thy lips Hyrcanian tigresses
Their udders set, since, why should I dissemble ?
For what worse ills restrain me ? Did he moan
Over my weeping ? did he bend his eyes,
Pay toll of tears, show pity for his love ?
What first, what next to say ? Now, now no more
Juno, great queen, nor the Saturnian sire
Looks on these things with equal eyes. Nowhere
Can faith be trusted. Cast upon my shore
A beggar, I welcomed him, and, mad the while,
Set on my throne to share it ; his lost fleet,
His crews I rescued from destruction. Ah !
The fires of frenzy toss me ! Now Apollo
Soothsayer, now the Lycian oracles,
Yea, the gods' mouthpiece, sent by Jove himself,
Now through the breezes his grim bidding bears.
Such doubtless is the task of gods above,

Such care disturbs their rest. I neither keep thee,
Nor would rebut thy words ; go, with the winds
Chase Italy, seek realms beyond the wave.
I hope indeed that on the mid-sea rocks,
If aught the good powers can, thy lips will drain
The cup of suffering, and oft cry aloud
On Dido's name : with murky firebrands I
Will follow thee, though far, and, when cold death
Has severed soul and limbs, in every place
My shade shall haunt thee. O graceless, thou shalt
rue it,

And I shall hear thereof, yea, for the tale
Will reach me, even among the nether dead.'

So saying, her speech broke off ; she, sick at heart,
Flies from the light, and, turning from his glance,
Flings forth and leaves him with fear-palsied tongue,
Though words throng thick for utterance. Her the
slaves

Uplift, and to a marble chamber bear,
And lay her fainting limbs upon the bed.

But good Æneas, though he yearns to assuage
And soothe the sufferer, with his words ward off
Her sorrow, deeply groaning and with heart
That tottered 'neath the bulk of love, nathless,
Obeyes heaven's bidding, to his fleet repairs.
Then fall the Teucrians to, and all along
The shore drag down their lofty ships : now floats
The well-pitched keel, and leafy oars they bring,
And timber from the woods unwrought, for flight

So eager : you may mark them on the move,
At every outlet hurrying from the town !
As when ants plunder a huge heap of corn,
Of winter ware, and house it in their store ;
Moves a black column o'er the plain, the spoil
In narrow path along the grass convoying ;
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grains,
And push them, some drive up the rearward ranks,
Chiding delay ; the whole track seethes with toil.
At such a sight what feelings then were thine,
Dido, or what groans uttered'st thou, beholding
From lofty tower the wide beach boil with men,
And the whole sea beneath thy gazing eyes
Maddened with their loud shouting ? Tyrant love,
To what dost thou not drive the hearts of men ?
Needs must she now to tears once more betake her,
Once more with prayer assail him, and bow down
Her pride, a suppliant at the throne of love,
Lest she die vainly, leaving aught untried.

‘ Anna, this hurrying over the whole shore
Thou seest ; from all sides they are met ; the sail
Now courts the breeze, the seamen in their joy
Have crowned the sterns with flowers. If strength
was mine

Such grief to anticipate, I shall no less
Have strength to bear it, sister. This one boon,
Anna, nathless perform for wretched me.
For thee alone yon traitor made his friend,
To thee would e'en his secret moods confide ;

Thou only knewest the tender ways and hours
Of access to the man : go, sister mine,
And suppliant-wise entreat our haughty foe :
I never with the Danaan host conspired
At Aulis to cut off the race of Troy,
Nor sent a fleet to Pergamus, nor upthrew
His sire Anchises' buried dust or shade,
That to those obdurate ears he should debar
My words from entrance. Whither hastes he so ?
This last boon let him grant his wretched love,
And wait for a kind voyage and carrying winds.
For our old marriage-bond, by him betrayed,
I ask no more, no, nor that he should lack
Fair Latium, or resign his realm ; I seek
An empty hour of time, respite and room
For madness to have play, till fortune tame
And school me unto grief. 'Tis the last grace
I ask—pity thy sister ; grant but this,
In death I will requite it o'er and o'er.'

Such was her prayer, and such the tearful tale,
Her dolorous sister bears and bears again.
But by no tearful tale will he be swayed,
Nor any words heed, to be bent thereby ;
Fate hinders, heaven shuts fast his willing ears.
Even as a sturdy and time-timbered oak,
Which Alpine north winds with their fitful blasts
Strive emulous to o'erthrow ; a creaking rises,
The stem rocks, and the leaves strew deep the ground ;
Itself clings to the crag, and, howso' far

The summit soars toward the airs of heaven
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.
E'en thus, with ceaseless, ever-shifting cries
The hero's heart is buffeted ; he feels
The deep grief through his mighty bosom thrill ;
The mind stands firm, and tears are showered in vain.

Then hapless Dido by her fate dismayed
Cries upon death : it irks her to behold
The arch of heaven. The more to goad her on
Her purpose to fulfil, and quit the light,
She saw—fearful to tell !—while offering gifts
Upon the incense-kindled altars—saw
The sacred juice darken, the outpoured wine
To loathsome gore transmuted : but to none,
Not even her sister, spake she of the sight.
Moreover in the palace was a shrine
Of marble to her former lord, which she
With wondrous honour tended, wreathed about
With snow-white fleeces and with festal boughs.
Hence fell upon her ears accents and words
As of her husband calling her, when night
Held the world darkling, and the owl alone
On roof-top uttered with funereal note,
Moan upon moan, her long-drawn wailing cry ;
And many a presage of the seers of old
With omen dire affrights her. Then in sleep
Himself Æneas fiercely goads her on
To frenzy ; and ever being left alone
She seems, and evermore companionless

Pacing a weary journey, while she seeks
Her Tyrians in a land untenanted.

As maddened Pentheus sees the Furies' troop,
A double sun, a twofold Thebes appear ;
Or, on the stage, as Agamemnon's child,
Orestes, hunted, flies his mother armed
With firebrands and black serpents ; at the door,
Vassals of vengeance, the grim sisters sit.

So when, by grief o'erpowered, she had conceived
The frenzy, and resolved to die, alone
She weighs with her own heart the hour, the means,
And her sad sister thus bespeaks, with face
That masks her purpose, and hope-brightened brow :
' Child of my sire, I have found out a way—
Give thou thy sister joy—to win him back,
Or loose me from his love. Near ocean's bound
And sunset is the far-off Æthiop land,
Where mightiest Atlas on his shoulder turns
The pole, with fiery stars bestudded : thence
Was shown me a priestess of Massylian race,
And temple-warder of the Hesperides,
Who erst with dainties to the dragon given,
Kept safe the sacred boughs upon the tree,
Sprinkling moist honey and slumberous poppy-seed.
She with her spells takes on her to unbind
What hearts she will, launch cruel pangs on others,
Stop rivers in their flow, turn back the stars :
She summons ghosts at midnight ; thou shalt see
Earth bellowing 'neath thy feet, and from the heights

Ash-trees descending. But I call the gods,
Thee, sister dear, and thy beloved head,
To witness, that unwillingly I gird
The magic arts upon me. Do thou rear
In the inner court, all secretly, a pyre
To heaven, and let the hero's arms, which he,
Godless, left hanging in the chamber, all
His empty raiment, and the bridal bed,
That was my bane—let these be piled above :
To wipe out every record of the wretch,
Such is my pleasure, and thus the priestess bids.'

So spake she, and was silent ; therewithal
Paleness o'erspreads her face. Anna mathless
By these new rites suspects not that her sister
Weaves but a cloak for death, nor can her heart
Conceive such frenzy, nor aught worse she fears
Than when Sychæus died ; so sets about
Her errand.

But the queen, when now the pyre
Rose huge to heaven amid her hall's recess,
Of pine and cloven holm-oak, hangs the place
With garlands, and festoons with funeral boughs.
High over all upon the couch she lays
His empty raiment, and the sword he left,
Ay, and his image, knowing what should come.
Altars stand round, and with dishevelled hair
The priestess thunders forth three hundred gods,
Erebus, Chaos, and triple Hecate—
The three-faced maid Diana. Water too

She had sprinkled, from Avernus' fountain feigned ;
And downy herbs with brazen sickles shorn
By moonlight, milky with black bane, are sought,
Sought too a love-charm torn from brow of colt,
Newborn, ere dam could snatch it. She herself
With salt cake and pure hands, the altar nigh,
One foot unsandalled, and with garb ungirt,
Calls on the gods, and stars that wot of doom,
Or ere she die ; ay, and if any powers
Righteous and unforgetful have in charge
Lovers ill-mated, unto these she prays.

'Twas night, and weary limbs o'er all the earth
Quaffed quiet slumber ; forest and wild waves
Had sunk to rest ; when stars with gliding orbs
Wheel midway, and when all the field is still,
Cattle, and painted birds, that haunt the breadth
Of limpid lakes, or the rough bosky wold—
Beneath night's silence laid to sleep, their cares
Awhile were lulled, their hearts forgot to ache.
Not so the spirit-vexed Phœnician queen,
Nor ever does she sink dissolved in sleep,
Nor take the night into her heart or eyes :
Her pangs redouble, and raging love once more
Surges and swells with the high tide of wrath.
Thus then begins she, thus with her own heart
Revolves : 'Lo ! what have I to do ? once more
Make trial of former suitors to my scorn ?
Beg on my knees with nomad lords to mate,
Whose proffered nuptials I have spurned so oft ?

Well, shall I follow, therefore, Ilium's fleet,
The Teucrians' utmost bidding? Because they
Are fain of my past succour, and the grace
Of former kindness in their hearts lives on?
Nay, if I would, who'll suffer me, or take
The hated woman to their haughty ships?
Ah! lost one, know'st not, nor perceivest yet
The perjured race of false Laomedon?
What then? in lonely flight shall I attend
The triumph of their seamen? or, girt round
With Tyrians, and the host of all my friends
Rush forth, and these, from their Sidonian town
Whom hardly I uptore, drive back to sea,
And bid spread canvas to the gale? Nay die,
As thou deservest; end sorrow with the sword.
Thou, sister, vanquished by my tears, thou first
Didst load my frantic spirit with these ills,
And thrust me on the foe. Why could I not,
Like a wild creature, free from wedlock, live
Blameless, and meddle not with woes like these?
Broken is my honour, and ill-kept the faith
Vowed to the ashes of Sychæus! Such
Bitter complaints kept bursting from her heart.

On the high stern Æneas, now fixed to go,
Quaffed slumber deep, his gear in order trim,
When the god's phantom with the self-same face
Returning, brake upon his sleep, and thus
Seemed to admonish him once more, in all
Like unto Mercury, both voice and hue,

And yellow locks, and youthful grace of limb :
‘ O goddess-born, at such a time canst thou
Sleep on ? what perils compass thee about
Perceiv’st not, madman, nor canst hear the breath
Of favouring Zephyrs ? In her bosom she
Craft and dire crime revolving, fixed on death,
Lashes to storm the fitful tides of wrath.
Why fliest not headlong hence, while headlong flight
Is in thy power ? Anon the main thou’lt see
Crowded with craft, and with fierce brands aglow,
Anon the shore one fiery blaze, if dawn
Still find thee on these shores a loiterer. Up !
Break off delay ! a shifting, changeful thing
Was woman ever.’ So he spake, and passed
Into the blackness of the night.

Forthwith

Aeneas, by the sudden phantom scared,
Upleaps from slumber, and plies hard his crew :
‘ Wake in hot haste, my friends, and man the thwarts ;
Trim the sails quickly ! sent from heaven on high,
A god, see ! once again comes goading me
To speed our flight, and cut the twisted ropes.
Hail, holy among gods, we follow thee,
Who’er thou art, and once again obey
Thy bidding gladly. O be near with grace
To aid, and bring propitious stars in heaven.’
He spake, and from the scabbard plucked his sword
Flashing, and cut the cable with bare blade.
All, in one moment, the same ardour seized ;

They hale, they hurry ; deserted stands the shore,
The deep lies hid beneath their galleys ; see !
Straining they churn the foam, and sweep the blue.

Now with new ray young Dawn the world was
sprinkling,

Leaving Tithonus' saffron couch. The queen,
When first from her high tower she saw the light
Whiten, and all the ships with sails arow
Stand out to sea, and shore and harbour void,
With ne'er an oarsman, thrice and four times o'er
Smote with her hand the lovely breast, and rent
The yellow locks : 'O Jupiter,' she cries,
'Shall he then go, my kingdom put to scorn,
This stranger ? will they not bring arms apace,
Pursue from all the city, and some tear loose
The ships from dock ? away with speed, fetch fire,
Deal weapons out, ply oars !—what do I say ?
Where am I ? or what madness warps my wit ?
Unhappy Dido ! do thine impious deeds
Now touch thee home ? it had been seemlier then,
When thou wast offering him thy sceptre. Lo !
His hand and word of honour, who, they say,
Carries his country's home-gods where he goes,
And bowed the shoulder to his age-worn sire.
Ah ! might I not have seized and rent and cast
His body piecemeal upon the wave, cut down
His friends—his own Ascanius, and served up
The son for banquet at his father's board ?
But doubtful would have proved the chance of war ;

Be it so : whom had I to fear, death-doomed ?
I to their camp should have borne firebrands, filled
Their decks with flame, and, child and sire and race
Wiped out together, myself have crowned the pile.
O Sun, that with thy torch encompassest
All earthly deeds, and Juno, messenger
And witness of my woes, and Hecate,
Name in the city crossways yelled by night,
And dread avenging sisterhood, and gods
Of dying Elissa, heed ye this, and turn
Your power to ills that earn it, and give ear
Unto my prayers. If that accursèd life
Must reach the harbour, and float safe to shore,
If thus Jove's doom require, here stand the goal,
Yet by the sword of a brave race beset,
Outcast from home, and from Iulus' arms
Torn, let him sue for succour, and behold
His friends slain miserably, and when to terms
Of wrongful peace he yields him, let him not
His kingdom or the pleasant light enjoy,
But in the bare mid-plain, before his hour
Fall and unburied lie. For this I pray,
And this last utterance with my life-blood pour.
And ye, O Tyrians, the whole stock and race
Dog with your hate for ever ; to my dust
This boon bequeath ye. Let there be no love,
No league between the nations. O arise,
Unknown avenger, from my tomb, to chase
With fire and sword the Dardan settlers, now,

Hereafter, whensoe'er the strength is given.
Betwixt them, shore with shore, billow with wave,
And host with host, I call down enmity ;
Be they themselves, and their sons' sons at war !'

So saying, on every side she turned her thought,
Seeking how soonest to break off the life
She loathed, then briefly unto Barcē spake,
Nurse of Sychæus, for the grave's black dust
In the old country held her own : ' Dear nurse,
Fetch me my sister hither, bid her haste
With water from the stream her limbs to lave,
And beasts, and expiating rites prescribed
Bring with her, and so come ; and thou thyself
With a pure fillet veil thy brows. 'Tis in
My heart this sacrifice to Stygian Jove,
Which duly I have ordered and begun,
To consummate, and put an end to grief,
And give to flame the Dardan's funeral pyre.'
She spake : the other with an old wife's zeal,
Hurried her footprint. But, in trembling haste
And fierce with her wild purpose, Dido now,
Rolling a bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks
Flecked with bright spots, and blanched with coming
death,
Bursts through to the inner court, and madly mounts
The death-pyre, and unsheathes the Dardan's sword—
Boon never asked for such a need as this.
Here, when the Trojan garments she beheld,
And the familiar bed, a little while

Pausing for tears and thought, she cast herself
Upon the couch, and spake her latest words :
' Relics once dear, while fate and heaven allowed,
Take this my spirit, and from these woes release me.
My life is lived ; the course by fortune given
I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me
Passes majestic to the world below.

I have built a noble city, mine own walls
Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith
Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate ;
Happy, ah ! all too happy, if alone
The Dardan keels had never touched our shore !'

She spake, and burying in the couch her face :
' I shall die unavenged, but let me die,'

She said : ' thus, thus with joy I take the road
To darkness. Let the cruel Dardan's eyes
Drink in the conflagration from the deep,
And my death-tokens haunt him on his way.'

She had said ; and, in the midst of words like these
Her folk beheld her sunk upon the sword,
And the blade reeking, and blood-dabbled hands.
Shrieks to the roof-top rise. Fame revels high
Through the stunned city. With laments and groans
And women's wail the palace rings, the sky
Resounds with their loud mourning. Even as if
With in-poured foes, all Carthage or old Tyre
Fell headlong, while the flames roll fiercely on
O'er towers of men and temples of the gods.
Half-dead to hear it and scared at breathless speed

With nail-torn features and fist-smitten breast,
Darts through the midst her sister, and calls aloud
The dying one by name, ‘Was it then this,
Child of my sire ? would’st thou put fraud upon me ?
This that yon pyre, these flames and altars meant ?
What shall I weep for first, left desolate !
Dying, didst thou spurn to have thy sister near ?
Thou should’st have bid me share thy doom, the same
Sword-pang, the self-same hour had found us both
Nay, did I rear it with these hands, and call
Loud on our father’s gods, ah ! cruel, to be
Far off, and thou laid here ? Thou hast destroyed
Sister, thyself and me, the folk, and sires
Of Sidon, and thy city. Let me lave
Her wounds with water, the last hovering breath
Catch haply on my lips.’ As thus she spake,
The lofty steps surmounted, she had clasped
Her dying sister to her bosom’s warmth,
With groans, the dark blood stanching with her robe.
She, trying to lift her heavy eyes, sinks back
Swooning, the sword grides fixed within her breast.
Thrice, struggling, she uprose on elbow propped,
And thrice rolled backward on the couch, and sought
Light in the vault of heaven, with wandering eyes,
And groaned to find it. Then almighty Juno,
Pitying her long pain, and hard-fought-for death,
Sent Iris from Olympus down to loose
Her struggling spirit and writhen limbs ; for since
Neither by fate, nor as the wage of sin,

She dying lay, but woe-struck, ere her hour,
And fired with sudden frenzy, Proserpine
Not yet had rest her of the yellow lock,
Nor to the Stygian Orcus doomed her head.
So Iris, on her saffron wings through heaven,
Glides dewy down, trailing a thousand tints,
That shift against the sun, and, o'er her head
Standing : ‘This offering unto Dis I bear,
As bidden, and from thy body set thee free.’
So spake she, and with right hand sheared the lock :
At once the warmth ebbed wholly, and therewith
Her life into the breezes sped away.

BOOK V

AENEID V

MEANWHILE *Aeneas* upon the mid sea-way
Held stedfast with his fleet, and cut through waves
That scowled beneath the north wind, glancing oft
Back to the city walls, now all aglow
With poor *Elissa's* funeral-flames. What cause
Has lit so fierce a fire, is hid from sight ;
But outraged love's fierce anguish, and the thought
Of what a frantic woman can, lead on
The *Teucrians'* hearts to presages of woe.

Soon as their galleys gained the open deep,
And now no longer land appeared, but lo !
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides sky,
There stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o'er his head,
Laden with night and tempest, and the wave
Shuddered beneath the gloom. From the high poop
The very helmsman, *Palinurus*, cries :
' Alas ! why have such clouds encircled heaven ?
What next, O Father *Neptune* ? ' Having said,
Straightway he bids them trim the rigging taut,
And bend to their stout oars, and to the wind

He slants the sail, and speaks : ‘ High-souled Æneas,
Though Jupiter should pledge me on his word,
Hope could I never to reach Italy
In such a sky. The winds veer round, and roar
Athwart, upgathering from the murky west,
And all the air is thickening into cloud.
Make head against it, or strive hard enow
We cannot. Since fortune betters us, be ours
To follow, and at her bidding shape our way.
Nor far thy brother Eryx’ friendly shores
And ports Sicanian deem I, if the stars,
Erst noted, with due memory I retrace.’
Then answered good Æneas : ‘ For my part I
Have long since seen the winds will have it so,
And that all vainly thou withstand’st them : turn
The vessels’ course. Could there be any land
To me more welcome, or where gladlier I
Would beach the weary ships, than that which holds
My Dardan friend, Acestes, and laps round
In its embrace my sire, Anchises’ dust ? ’
This said, they make for harbour ; and the gales,
Now favouring, stretch the canvas ; swiftly rides
Their fleet upon the flood ; and glad of heart
At length they steer into the well-known shore.

But from a high far hill-top, marvelling
At their arrival, and the friendly barks,
Acestes speeds to meet them, bristling o’er
With javelins and a Libyan she-bear’s fell.
Him to the river-god Crimisus erst

A Trojan mother bare : nor heedless now
Of his old lineage, their return he greets,
Gives them glad welcome of his rustic wealth,
And soothes their weariness with friendly cheer.

When the next day-beam in the utmost east
Had put the stars to rout, from the whole shore
Æneas calls a gathering of his friends,
And from a mounded hillock speaks : ‘ Great sons
Of Dardanus, from heaven’s high race derived,
A year’s course, with its months accomplishèd,
Is rounding to a close, since we in earth
My divine father’s bones and relics hid,
And mourning altars consecrated. Now,
Or I misdeem, the day is here, which I
Shall ever hold, for so ye gods have willed,
Sacred to grief and honour without end.
This were I passing ’mid Gætulian shoals
An outcast, ay, or ta’en at unawares
In Argive waters, or Mycenæ’s town,
Still had I quit my yearly vows, and pomp
Of solemn ordinance, and with their gifts
Heaped high the altars. Now, beyond all hope,
Not undesigned nor all unwilling of heaven,
I take it, by my sire’s own dust and bones
We stand, safe-wafted to the friendly port.
Up, then, and all, glad homage let us pay !
Sue we for winds, and may he grant that I
May build a city, and offer year by year
These rites in temples hallowed to his name !

Two head of steers Acestes, sprung from Troy,
Gives every ship by tale : bid to the feast
The hearth-gods, not your sires' alone, but those
Our host Acestes worships. Furthermore,
If the ninth dawn bring kindly day to men,
And with her beams disclose the world, then I
Will contests for the Phrygian folk ordain,
First of the swift fleet ; then—whoe'er excels
In speed of foot, or, dauntless in his strength,
Steps forth, a champion in the javelin-bout,
And light-winged arrows, or with raw-hide gloves
Bold to do battle—let them all appear,
And look for palms to be the victor's prize.
Now hush ye, all : with garlands bind the brow.'
Thus spake he, and about his temples twined
His mother's myrtle. So does Helymus,
So, ripe of age, Acestes, so the lad
Ascanius, and the rest thereafter. He
Strode from the council to the tomb, thronged round
With many thousands, 'midst of a vast train.
Here, meet libation, on the ground he pours
Two goblets of pure wine, of fresh milk two,
Two of the blood of victims ; and he flings
Bright flowers, and cries : ' Hail, sacred sire, once
more !

Hail, dust of him once rescued, but in vain,
And shade and spirit of my father ! not
With thee was it vouchsafed to seek the bounds
And destined fields of Italy, nor yet

Ausonian Tiber, whatsoe'er it be.'
He spake, and ceased, when from the shrine's recess
A slippery serpent trailed seven monstrous coils,
Plied seven times, fold on fold, and quietly
Twined round the tomb, and o'er the altars slid,
Whose back with dark blue spots was pied, his scales
Lit with the gleam of dappled gold ; as when
The cloud-bow flings a thousand shifting tints
In the sun's eye. Æneas at the sight
Stood wonder-struck : at last, with lengthy train
Gliding among the bowls and polished cups,
It tasted of the viands, and once more,
All harmless, sought the shelter of the tomb,
Leaving the altars it had lipped. Hereat
He to his father all the more renews
The interrupted rites, doubtful the while
Or genius of the spot to deem it, or
His sire's attendant spirit : two young sheep
He duly slaughters, and as many swine,
As many black-backed heifers, and poured forth
The wine-bowl, and on great Anchises' shade
Called, and the ghost let loose from Acheron.
His friends withal, as each had substance, bring
Glad gifts, and heap the altars, and slay steers.
Others in turn set caldrons on, and, stretched
Along the greensward, lay live coals beneath
The spits, and roast the flesh.

The expected day
Was come, the ninth dawn in a cloudless sky,

Drawn by the steeds of Phaëthon : report
And great Acestes' name the neighbouring folk
Had summoned ; in blithe groups they thronged the
shore,

To see the children of Æneas, some too
Prepared to join the contest. Full in sight,
And midmost of the ring, are first disposed
The prizes, sacred tripods, and green wreaths,
And palms to crown the victors, arms, and robes
Broidered with purple, and talent-weights of gold
And silver : and from a hillock in the midst
The trumpet's note proclaims the sports begun.
For the first contest, matched with heavy oars,
Enter four vessels picked from all the fleet.

Mnestheus with keen crew drives swift Pristis on—
Mnestheus-of-Italy to be, from whom
Takes name the race of Memmius—and Gyas
The huge Chimæra of huge bulk, in mass
A city, which the Dardan youth propel
With triple sweep, a threefold tier of oars
Rising together : on the Centaur's might
Sergestus, whence the Sergian house is named,
Cloanthus upon dark blue Scylla rides,
From whom thy race, Cluentius of Rome.

Far seaward fronts the foaming shores a rock
Oft drowned and beaten by the billowy swell,
What time the wild north-westers hide the stars ;
In calm it sleeps, reared on still waves, a plain,
And standing-ground to sunny seagulls dear.

Here a green ilex-goal their sire Aeneas
Sets up for signal, that the crews might know
Whence to return and their long circuit bend.

Then lots they cast for places ; and the chiefs
Themselves upon the poop shine forth afar,
Glorious in gold and purple ; for the rest,
The crews are crowned with wreaths of poplar-spray,
And steeped in oil their naked shoulders shine.
They man the thwarts, arms stretched to oars, full
stretch

Await the signal : drains each bounding heart
Quick-knocking fear, and the wild thirst for praise.
Then, when the shrill trump sounded, in a trice
All from their bounds leapt forward ; a sea-shout
Strikes heaven ; the floods foam, churned with in-
drawn arms.

Abreast they cleave the furrows ; the whole main
yawns

Convulsed with oars and triple-pointed beaks.
Not in such heady race the two-horsed cars,
Poured from the bounds, grip course and go, nor shake
Their billowy reins above such scouring teams
The drivers, hanging forward to the lash.
Then with applause of men, shouts, favouring cheers,
The whole grove rings : the pent shore rolls along,
And the hills, smitten, buffet back the din.
Outspeeds the rest, and skims the forward wave,
'Mid crowd and tumult, Gyas : follows him
Cloanthus, lustier-oared, but the pines' weight

Retards him : next, and at like interval,
Pristis and Centaur strive for foremost place.
Now Pristis has it, and now the Centaur huge
Outstrips and overhauls her ; and now both
Ride, beak and beak, together, and with long keel
Cleave the salt billows : by this they neared the rock,
And had the goal in grasp, when Gyas, now first,
And of the half-course victor, loudly hails
Menœtes, his ship's pilot : ' Whither away
So far to starboard ? hither steer, hug shore ;
Let the oar graze the larboard cliff, and leave
The deep for others ! ' He said, but still Menœtes,
Fearing blind rocks, steers off toward open sea :
' Whither away so wide ? Make for the rocks,
Menœtes ! ' Gyas shouts and calls again ;
And, glancing back, Cloanthus he beholds,
Now hard astern, holding the nearer course.
' Twixt Gyas ' vessel and the roaring rocks
He to the left skims inward, in a moment
Passes his leader, leaves the goal behind,
And gains the safe smooth water. Then indeed
Grief in the young man's frame blazed fierce and high,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears, and heedless both
Of his own honour and his comrades' lives,
Laggard Menœtes sheer from the high poop
Into the sea he flings : himself instead
The tiller takes, pilot and captain too,
Cheers on his men, and shoreward turns the helm.
But from the sea-floor scarce at length cast up,

Menœtes, heavy now with age, and soaked
In his wet garments, to the cliff-top climbs,
And on the dry rock sat. The Teucrian folk
Laughed at him falling, swimming, and laugh now
To see the salt waves from his chest disgorged.
Here the two last, Sergestus, Mnestheus, feel
Kindle glad hope within them to outstrip
The lagging Gyas. Sergestus gains the lead
And nears the crag, yet overlaps he not
A whole keel's length, but part alone, and part
The jealous Pristis presses with her beak.
Then, through his vessel striding, 'midst the crew,
Mnestheus exhorts them : ' Rise to the oar, now, now,
Comrades of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour
I chose to be my fellows ; now put forth
That strength, that spirit, which erst ye showed amidst
Gætulian quicksands, on the Ionian Sea,
And Malea's chasing waves. No more seek I,
Mnestheus, the foremost place, nor strive to win ;
Yet oh !—but let them conquer, to whom thou,
Neptune, hast granted it. Count we it shame
Last to arrive ! thus far, my countymen,
Prevail ye, and ward off disgrace !' They bend
Forward, and strive their utmost : the brass poop
Quivers beneath their mighty strokes : the floor
Runs from beneath them : then quick panting shakes
Limbs and dry lips : the sweat flows out in streams.
A mere chance brought them the much-wished-for
place ;

For while Sergestus, mad at heart, drives close
In toward the rocks, and draws to dangerous ground,
Hapless, upon projecting reefs he stuck.
The cliffs were jarred ; on a sharp crag the oars
Smote with a crash, and the prow struck and hung.
Upleap the crew loud-shouting, fast aground,
Bring iron-shod boat-hooks and sharp-pointed poles,
And from the billows pluck their broken oars.
Mnesthus exults, and, keener by success,
Scuds with swift oar-sweep, and a prayer to the winds,
Down the slope seas, and scours the open main.
As, from her cave roused suddenly, a dove,
Whose home and sweet brood lie in the crannied rock,
Flies fieldward borne, with clamorous pinion-clap
Scared from her cell : soon, gliding in calm air,
She skims the sky-way swift on moveless wing.
So Mnestheus, Pristis so, of her own will,
Cleaves the last water, so mere speed of way
Carries her flying. And first he leaves behind
Sergestus, struggling on the lofty rock,
And in the shoals, calling in vain for aid,
And learning to make way with broken oars.
Then Gyas and his Chimæra vast of bulk
He overtakes : she yields, of helmsman reft.
And now, and close upon the goal, remains
Alone Cloanthus : him he makes for, him,
Striving with utmost strength, pursues. Ah ! then
The shouts redouble ; all goad him to the chase
With eager cheers : heaven echoes to their din.

These deem it shame, except they hold their own—
The glory they have won—would barter life
Itself for fame : those thrive upon success ;
Thinking they can, the thought begets the power.
Ay, and belike they would have ta'en the prize,
Prow matched with prow, had not Cloanthus stretched
Clasped hands across the deep, and poured forth
prayers,

Calling the gods to hear his vows. ‘Ye gods
That sway the main, over whose waves I run,
Gladly before your altars on this shore,
I, vow-beholden, will a white bull set,
Into the salt flood fling his entrails far,
And pour clear-flowing wine.’ He spake, and him
Under the deep waves all the Nereid-band
Heard, and the choir of Phorcus, and with them
The maiden Panopea ; and himself
The sire Portunus with his mighty hand
Pushed him upon his way. To shore she flies
Swifter than south wind or a wingèd shaft,
And has found shelter in the port’s recess.
Then, duly summoning all, Anchises’ son
Proclaims Cloanthus victor by loud voice
Of herald, and with green bay-leaf binds his brow ;
And to the crews three bullocks of their choice
He gives, and wine, and a great talent-weight
Of silver, to bear off, and to the chiefs
Themselves adds special honours, for the first
A gold-wrought scarf, and twice around it ran

Broad Melibœan purple, in winding wave.
Therein embroidered is the royal boy
On leafy Ida, as he tires the stag
With javelin and the chase, keen, like to one
Panting, whom Jove's swift armour-bearer snatched
Aloft from Ida with crook'd talons : see !
His aged guardians stretch vain hands on high,
And the hounds' baying goes fiercely up to heaven.
But to the hero who gan second place
In prowess, a corslet linked with polished hooks
Of gold twilled triple, which his own conquering hand
Had from Demoleos on swift Simois' bank
Torn beneath lofty Troy, he gives to bear,
A glory and defence in battle. It
Scarce could the carls Phegeus and Sagaris,
Shoulder to shoulder, heave with all its folds ;
But clad in it of yore Demoleos drove
Full speed the flying Trojans. The third prize
He makes twin brazen caldrons, and cups wrought
Of cunning silver, rough with tracery-work.
And now, thus dowered, and glorying in their gifts,
Brow-bound with purple fillets, all went forth,
When, from the cruel rock with much ado
'Scaped hardly, oars lost, crippled of one tier,
'Mid laughter urging his inglorious bark,
Sergestus came. As oft at unawares
A serpent, caught upon the heaped highway,
Which or a brazen wheel hath crossed aslant,
Or heavy-smiting traveller left half dead

And mangled with a stone, now trying to flee
 Twists his long body into coils, in vain,
 Part still defiant, and, with fiery eyes,
 Rearing aloft the hissing throat ; but part
 Maimed by the wound retards him, as he wreaths
 Joint upon joint, self-knotted and convolved.
 So oared, the ship came slowly labouring on,
 Yet she spreads sail, and, full sail, enters port.
 Æneas with promised boon Sergestus dowers,
 Glad for ship saved and rescued crew : to him
 Is given a slave, skilled in Minerva's craft,
 The Cretan Pholoë, twin boys at her breast.

Then good Æneas, the race despatched, moves on
 Into a grassy plain, by sloping hills
 Girdled with forest ; and amidst the vale
 There was an amphitheatre, whereto
 The prince with many thousands strode, and sat
 On a high mound, the centre of the throng.
 Here in fleet foot-race whoso list to strive
 He lures with prizes, sets the guerdon forth.
 Teucrians, Sicanians, mixed, from all sides flock :
 See ! foremost Nisus and Euryalus !
 Euryalus famed for beauty and fresh youth,
 Nisus for the fair love he bore the boy.
 Next followed, reared from Priam's noble stem,
 Princely Diores : after him, together,
 Salius and Patron, Acarnanian one,
 One of Arcadia's blood, a Tegean born.
 Then two Trinacrian comers, Helymus

And Panopes, to forest-life inured,
Comrades of old Acestes ; many more
To boot, whom rumour doth in darkness hide.
Then in their midst Æneas spake : ‘ My words
Take now to heart, and give me cheerful heed.
None of all here will I let giftless go.

Two Gnosian javelins bright with burnished steel,
And an axe silver-chased, I’ll give to bear ;
Be this one meed to all. The foremost three
Shall receive prizes, and be bound about
The head with pale green olive. Let the first,
As victor, have a horse with trappings proud ;
The next an Amazonian quiver, and filled
With Thracian arrows, which a broad gold belt
Circles, a smooth-gemmed buckle clasps ; the third
Depart contented with this Argive helm.’
This said, they take their stand, and suddenly,
The signal heard, catch at the course, and leave
The barriers, like a cloud poured forth, their eyes
Fixed on the finish. First draws ahead, darts far
Beyond all rivals Nisus, swifter he
Than wind or wings of lightning ; next to him,
But next at a long distance, on his track
Comes Salius ; then, some space between them left,
The third, Euryalus ; Euryalus
Has Helymus behind him, close on whom
Flies see ! Diores, heel now grazing heel,
And shoulders jostling ; and, were more space left,
He would slip past him, and leave doubt behind.

And now, the course nigh finished, with breath spent,
They neared the goal, when Nisus by ill luck
Slips in some blood chance-spilt upon the ground
From slaughtered steers, that soaked the greensward.

Here

Just flushed with triumph, he could not keep his feet,
Tripped by the ground they trod on, but fell prone
Right in the foul dung and slain victims' gore.

Yet of Euryalus, yet of his heart's love
Not he forgetful ! for in Salius' path
He casts him, rising through the slush, who, rolled
Over and over, on the thick soil lay.

Forth darts Euryalus, and the first place holds,
Winner by his friend's gift, and speeds him on
'Mid favouring shouts and tumult. Next to him
Comes Helymus, and, now third prize, Diores.

Here with vociferous uproar Salius
Fills the whole concourse of the mighty ring,
And gazing sires in front, reclaims the prize
Snatched from his hand by craft. Euryalus
Is strong in favour, and the grace of tears,
And worth, seen comelier in a lovely form.

Backs him Diores too with loud appeal,
Who, to a prize succeeding, has for nought
Gained the last guerdon, if the foremost place
To Salius be restored. Then Sire Aeneas :
' Your gifts, my lads, remain assured, and none
Changes the order of the prize : let me
Pity my friend's unmerited mishap.'

So saying, he gives to Salius the vast fell
Of a Gætulian lion, with rough hair
Heavy, and claws of gold. Then Nisus : ‘ If
Such be defeat’s reward, and those that fell
Win pity of thee, what worthy recompense
Hast left for Nisus ? The first crown was mine
By merit and exploit, had not the luck,
That frowned on Salius, fallen alike on me.’
And with the word he shows his face and limbs
Smeared with wet filth. At him the gracious sire
Laughed, and a shield bade bring, the workmanship
Of Didymaon, by the Danai once
From Neptune’s sacred portal torn. With this
He dowers the noble youth, a princely prize.

Then, the race ended, and the gifts dispensed,
‘ Come now,’ he cries, ‘ if in the breast of any
Be courage and prompt heart, let him approach,
Bind on the gloves, and lift his arms.’ So saying,
He names a twofold guerdon for the fray,
A steer for the winner, garlanded with gold,
Sword and proud helm, to soothe the vanquishèd.
No pause : at once in all his giant strength
Uplifts him Dares, and stands forth to view
‘ Mid murmurs of the crowd, he who alone
Was wont to match with Paris, and, at the tomb
Where mightiest Hector lies, smote conquering Butes—
Who with his vast bulk bore him to the field,
Of the Bebrycian house of Amycus—
And stretched him dying upon the tawny sand.

Such was this Dares, who lifts high his head
First for the fray, displays his shoulders broad,
Launches his arms out, and spars right and left,
Lashing the air with buffets. Him to match
They seek another ; but out of all that throng
No one durst face the champion, don the gloves.
So, deeming all men from the prize withdrew,
Promptly he plants him at Æneas' feet,
Tarrying no more, then by the left horn grasps
The bull, and speaks : ‘ O goddess-born, if none
Durst risk the fight, what end to waiting, say,
How long befits it I stand loitering here ?
Bid me lead off the prize.’ The Dardans all,
Shouting with one voice, bade the promised boon
Be rendered to their champion. Hereupon
Acestes with stern words rebukes Entellus,
As he sat next him on the grassy couch :
‘ Entellus, of heroes bravest once, in vain,
Wilt thou such gifts see tamely borne away,
And strike no blow ? Where now, we ask, that god,
Thy master, Eryx, so idly vaunted ? Where
The fame that filled Trinacria, and those spoils
Still hanging from thy roof-tree ? ’ He replied :
‘ It is not that the love of fame is sped,
Nor fear hath cast out honour ; but indeed
Chilled is my blood and dulled by sluggish eld,
And all my body’s strength numbed and outworn.
If, which erst was, wherein yon braggart still
Boldly exults, if now that youth were mine,

I had not stayed for prize or noble steer
To lure me forward, nor heed I the gifts.
So saying, twin gauntlets of vast weight he hurls
Into the midst, wherewith keen Eryx wont
Advance his hand to battle, and bind his arms
With the tough hide. Astonied were all hearts ;
So vast the seven huge ox-hides that lay stiff
With in-sewed lead and iron. More than all,
Dares himself stands dazed, and far recoils :
This way and that high-souled Anchises' son
Poises and turns the thongs' enormous folds.
Then the old man with deep-drawn accents spake :
'What then if one had seen the gloves and arms
Of Hercules himself, and the grim fight
Upon this very strand ? Those weapons once
Thy brother Eryx wore : thou seest them yet
Blood-stained and brain-bespattered : he with these
Stood against great Alcides ; to these I
Myself was used, while sounder blood gave strength,
Ere snowy age had sprinkled both my brows.
But if the Trojan Dares shun these arms
Of ours, and good Aeneas be set thereon,
Backed by Acestes' sanction, fight we fair.
I waive the hides of Eryx, see, calm thy dread,
And do thou doff the Trojan gloves.' So saying,
He from his shoulder flings the twofold robe,
Bares his huge limb-joints, mighty bones and thews,
And stands gigantic in the arena's midst.
Then equal gloves the sire, Anchises' son,

Brought, and with like arms bound the hands of both.
Straining on tip-toe, each at once took stand,
And raised his arms undaunted high toward heaven.
Their towering heads far from the blow withdrawn,
Fist with ~~fist~~ mist mingling, they provoke the fray.
One nimbler-footed, and relying on youth,
One strong in bulk of body ; but his slow knees
Totter and quake, and all his mighty frame
Heaves with a painful panting. Many a blow
The champions idly bandy, each with each,
Many they rain on hollow flank, and make
Loud music on their chests ; round ear and brow
The quick fist plays, jaws crackle with hard blows.
Ponderous in the selfsame posture stands
Unmoved Entellus, with his body alone
And watchful eye shunning the strokes. The other—
As who with engines batters a tall town,
Or sits down armed before some mountain-hold—
Tries this approach and that, and, hovering round
Artful at every point, plies him in vain
With manifold assault. Entellus then,
With right hand threatening and uplifted high,
Rose to the blow : the other with quick glance
Foresaw descending, and with nimble frame
Slipped out of reach and foiled it. All his strength
Entellus spent on air, and, self-impelled,
By his own heaviness heavily to the earth
Fell with prodigious weight ; so falls at times
On Erymanthus or on Ida's height

A hollow pine-tree by the roots upturn.
Teucrians, Trinacrians, by one impulse urged,
Leap from their seats ; a shout goes up to heaven ;
And first Acestes hastes, and pityingly
Lifts from the earth his age-mate and his friend.
But he, nor checked nor daunted by the fall,
Returns yet keenlier to the fray ; wrath goads
To violence : shame and conscious valour, too,
Kindle his strength ; and all on fire he drives
Dares at headlong speed the whole course through,
Raining his buffets now with right, now left :
No stop, no respite : thick as hail, when clouds
Fall rattling on the roof, so pelt the blows
He showers on Dares, and with either hand
Pounds him and whirls along. Then Sire Æneas
Brooks not that wrath go further, nor Entellus
Rage on in bitterness of heart, but bade
The battle end, and rescued the spent strength
Of Dares, and thus speaks with soothing words :
'Unhappy man ! what craze hath caught thy soul ?
Dost not perceive that here is alien strength,
Gods turned against thee ? yield to heaven !' He spake,
And with the word broke off the fight ; but him
Dragging faint knees, his head to either side
Lolling, and spitting from his mouth thick gore
And blood-commingled teeth, his trusty friends
Lead to the ships : the helmet and the sword,
When summoned, they receive, the palm and bull
Leave to Entellus. Then the victor speaks,

Elate with pride, and glorying in the bull :
‘ O goddess-born, and you, ye Teucrians, mark
Both what was once my body’s youthful might,
And Dares from what death your rescue saves.’
He spake, and fronting the steer’s forehead full,
Which stood there, prize of battle, drew aback
His right hand, levelled the tough gloves, and swung
Straight betwixt both horns, towering to the blow,
Crushed the skull inward, and dashed out the brain ;
On earth stretched lifeless, quivering, the bull falls.

Then with deep utterance he spake over it :

‘ This better life, for death of Dares due,
Eryx, I pay thee, with this triumph crowned,
The gauntlets and the boxer’s art lay by.’

Forthwith Æneas to the swift arrow-match
Invites who will, and sets the prizes forth ;
Then from Serestus’ ship with mighty hand
The mast uprears, and by a rope passed round
Suspends a fluttering dove from the tall top,
As target for their points. The men are met ;
The lot thrown lies within a brazen helm,
And for first place outleaps, with favouring cheer,
The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoon, next,
Late victor in the ship-race, Mnestheus comes,
Mnestheus now garlanded with olive green.
Eurytion was the third, brother to thee,
O most renownèd Pandarus, who of old,
Bidden the treaty to confound, wert first
To hurl thy dart amid the Achæan ranks.

Last in the helmet's depth Acestes lay,
Still bold of hand the tasks of youth to try.
Then, each for self, with sinewy might they bend
Their curving bows, pluck shaft from quiver ; and first
The bolt of the son of Hyrtacus through heaven
Cleaves the fleet breezes from the whizzing string,
Arrives, and sticks in the mast-tree fair and full.
The mast quivered, the bird clapped wings in fear,
And all the region rang w'th loud applause.
Next took his stand keen Mnestheus, bow drawn home,
High-pointing, with one level of shaft and eye ;
He, luckless, the bird's self with bolt to strike
Skilled not, and cut the noose and hempen cord,
Foot-bound whereby to the tall mast she hung :
Into the south winds and black clouds she flew.
Then, bow long since held ready, and bolt on string,
With a quick prayer to his brother to hear his vows,
Eurytion marked the dove, now triumphing
In the free sky, and, as she clapped her wings
Under a dark cloud, pierc'd her. Dead she fell,
And left her life among the stars of heaven,
Down-trailing with the arrow in her side.
Acestes, the prize lost, alone remained,
Yet upward aimed his bolt into the air,
Showing an old sire's skill and sounding bow.
Here on their eyes a sudden portent falls,
To prove of mighty presage ; the event
Taught them its vastness in the after-time,
And awful seers their omen sang too late

For, on its flight amid the floating clouds,
The reed took fire, and traced a path in flame,
And into thin air burnt itself away ;
As oft from heaven unfixed shoot flying stars,
And trail their locks behind them. All, aghast,
Stood rooted, and implored the gods of heaven,
Trinacrian folk and Teucrian : nor did great
Æneas reject the omen, but his arms
Cast about glad Acestes, whom he loads
With mighty gifts, thus speaking : ‘ Take them, sire ;
For by such tokens great Olympus’ king
To thee no lot-drawn honour hath decreed.
From old Anchises’ self this gift be thine,
A bowl embossed with figures, which of yore
Cisseus the Thracian as a noble gift
Gave to my sire Anchises, of his love
The record and the pledge to bear.’ So saying,
He wreathes his temples with green bay, and hails
First, before all, Acestes victor, nor
Did kind Eurytion grudge the rank preferred,
Albeit but he struck down the bird from heaven.
Next for the prize comes in who cut the cord,
Last with fleet arrow he that pierced the pine.

But Sire Æneas, ere the sports were sped,
Calls to his side Epytides, the squire
Who watched o’er young Iulus, and thus speaks
Into his faithful ear : ‘ Hie thee, and bid
Ascanius, if his boyish band he now
Have ready, and his manœuvring troop arrayed.

Lead forth the squadron in his grandsire's name,
And show himself in arms.' He spake, and with
His own voice orders all the crowd withdraw,
Flooding the long course, and the field be cleared.
The boys ride in, before their fathers' eyes
Glittering on bridled horses in array,
By all Trinacria's chivalry and Troy's
Hailed with admiring murmurs, as they go.
The locks of all a trim wreath duly binds,
Each bears two cornel spear-shafts tipped with steel,
Some polished quivers upon the shoulder ; high
On breast, along the throat there runs a hoop
Pliant of twisted gold. The companies
Of horse are three ; three chiefs ride to and fro,
And, following each, a band of twice six boys,
The troop trisected, with like leaders, shine.
One youthful squadron a child-Priam leads
To victory, and recalls his grandsire's name,
Thy glorious seed, Polites, soon to swell
The tribes of Italy ; a Thracian steed
Bears him, with white spots dappled, that displays
White-stepping pasterns, and white-towering brow.
The next is Atys, from whom trace their line
The Latin Atii ; the child Atys, loved
Of his boy-friend Iulus. Last of all,
And before all in beauty, Iulus' self
On a Sidonian horse, fair Dido's gift,
Of her heart's love the record and the pledge.
The rest are mounted on Trinacrian steeds

Of old Acestes. With a cheer the Dardans
Welcome the timid lads, and gaze with joy,
Tracing the features of their sires of old.
When the gay cavalcade had ridden the round
Of the whole concourse under their friends' eyes,
And all were ready, Epytides from far
Shouted the signal and cracked loud his whip.
They rushed apart symmetric, in three troops
With open ranks dividing, and once more
Wheel at the order, and charge point to point.
Then other onsets and retreats they try
In quarters opposite, and interweave
Circle with circle, each with each, and wake
The semblance of armed warfare, now expose
Their backs in flight, now point their levelled spears,
Now with peace plighted, as close comrades ride.
As erst the labyrinth in lofty Crete
Had, as folk tell, a way with blind walls woven,
And a dark trap with thousand paths perplexed,
Whose maze unsearched and irretraceable
Might baulk all clues for following, such the course,
Wherein the Trojan boys their steps involve,
Weaving the sportive web of flight and fray ;
As dolphins, swimming through the watery seas,
Carpathian cleave or Libyan, and make sport
Amid the billows. Such use of horsemanship,
Such games as these, Ascanius, as he girt
With walls his Alba Longa, first revived,
And trained the ancient Latins to the mode

Of his own boyhood with the youth of Troy ;
The Albans taught their sons ; from whom bequeathed
Majestic Rome received and kept alive
The ancestral rite : now, named from Troy, the lads
Are called the Trojan troop. Thus far were held
The games in honour of the sacred sire.

Here Fortune changing first revoked her faith.
Whilst they with various pastime to the tomb
Render its solemn dues, Saturnian Juno
Sends Iris from on high to Ilium's fleet,
And breathes fair winds to waft her, rise with schemes,
Still of her ancient smart insatiate. She,
Speeding along her myriad-tinted bow,
Shoots down the swift track, maid beheld of none.
She views the mighty throng, and scans the shore
And sees the harbour void, the fleet forsook.
But far withdrawn upon a lonely beach
The Trojan dames wept for Anchises' loss,
And, weeping, gazed on the deep main together.
Ah, what vast floods, what weary length of sea
Was still before them, with one voice they cry.
They crave a city, the travail of the main
Sick of enduring. So into their midst,
Well versed in harm, she flings her, doffs the face
And garb of goddess, becomes Beroë,
The aged wife of Timarian Doryclus,
Who once had lineage, and a name, and sons ;
So 'mid the Dardan mothers makes her way.
'O hapless women, whom no Greek hand in war

Dragged 'neath your native walls to death,' she cries,
'O race ill-starred, for what destruction, say,
Doth fate reserve ye? Since Troy's overthrow,
Now the seventh summer wheels her course, the while,
Borne over seas and traversing all lands,
So many inhospitable rocks and climes,
We chase the still receding Italy
On the vast ocean, by its billows tossed.
Here are our brother Eryx' bounds, our host
Acestes: who forbids to cast up walls,
And give a city to our countrymen?
O fatherland, and household gods in vain
Snatched from the foeman, shall no city bear
Troy's name for ever? Nowhere shall I see
A Simois or a Xanthus, Hector's streams?
Nay up, and help me burn the ill-omened ships!
For in my sleep the seer Cassandra's shade
Appeared, methought, and offered blazing brands.
Here look for Troy; here is your home,' quoth she.
'The hour is ripe for action; prodigies
So mighty brook no tarriance. Lo ye, four
Altars to Neptune! and the god himself
Supplies the firebrand and the will.' So saying,
She snatching first the deadly flame, upreared
Aloft her right hand, brandished with main strength,
And threw it. Brain-wildered were the Trojan dames,
And heart-astonied. Then, of many, one
In years their eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse
Of all those sons of Priam, cries, 'See you not,

This is no Beroë, no Rhœteian wife
Of Doryclus, good mothers ! Mark the signs
Of heavenly beauty, and the glowing eyes :
What breath about her ! what a glance she hath !
What tone of voice, and stateliness of step !
Nay, I myself left Beroë but e'en now
Sick, chafing that she only in such rite
Should lack a part, nor to Anchises pay
The honours due to him.' So spake she. But
The matrons, wavering at the first, 'gan eye
The ships with looks malign, halting between
Infatuate passion for their present land
And realms that called them with the voice of fate.
But on poised wings the goddess borne through heaven
Cut, flying, a mighty bow beneath the clouds.
Then, by the portent crazed, and frenzy-spurred,
All from their hearths' recesses, with one shout,
Snatch fire ; some strip the altars, and fling on
Leaf, brushwood, bough. Vulcan with loose rein riots
O'er thwarts and oars and sterns of painted pine.
To Anchises' barrow and the circus-seats
Brings word Eumelus of the fleet on fire.
Themselves glance back, and see the pitchy reek
Float in a cloud. And first Ascanius,
Then gaily leading his manœuvring troop,
Rode at full speed to the disordered camp,
E'en as he was, nor can his breathless guards
Detain him. ' What new frenzy is this ? ' he cries,
' Or whither now, say whither are ye bound,

My wretched countrywomen? 'Tis no foe,
No hostile camp of Argives, that ye burn,
But your own hopes. See, it is I, your own
Ascanius!' and before his feet he flung
The empty helmet, wherewith armed but now
He woke in sport the counterfeit of war.
At once *Æneas*, at once the Teucrian train
Speed to the spot. But scattering o'er the beach,
This way and that the affrighted women fly,
Make for the woods by stealth, and wheresoe'er
The rocks are caverned: now they loathe the deed,
And daylight, know their own with altered eye,
And Juno's power is shaken from their soul.
But not for that the conflagration's blaze
Slacks its resistless fury: the tow glows
Beneath the wet wood, spewing forth slow smoke;
The creeping heat devours the keels, a plague
That sinks through all the vessel's hull, nor strength
Of men, nor showers of water can avail.
Then good *Æneas* from off his shoulders rent
The raiment, and besought the gods for aid,
With outstretched hands: 'Almighty Jupiter,
If all the Trojans, to a man, not yet
Thou hatest, if thy goodness of old time
Recks aught of human woes, grant that the flames
May 'scape our fleet, O father, and pluck thou
The Teucrians' shrunken power from ruin. Else
Level thy thunderbolt, and what remains
Hurl down to death, if such be my desert,

And overwhelm us here with thy right hand.'
Scarce had he spoken, when from outpoured clouds
A black storm rages, uncontrollable ;
Earth trembles to the thunder, hill and plain ;
From the whole welkin a wild water-flood
Comes rushing, pitch-black from the thickening
south ;
The ships are filled, and over ; the half-burnt
Timbers are soaked ; till all the heat is quenched,
And all the keels, four lost, escape the plague.
But Sire *Aeneas*, stunned by the bitter chance,
Shuffled and turned the mighty load of care
Within his breast, now this way, and now that,
Whether to settle in Sicilian fields,
Heedless of fate, or grasp Italia's shore.
Then agèd *Nautæ*, whom Tritonian Pallas
Taught before all, and with surpassing lore
Made famous—she it was declared to him
That which or heaven's high wrath portended, or
Fate's course required—he thus bespake *Aeneas*
With comfortable words : 'O goddess-born,
Pull or repel they, follow we the fates ;
Betide what will, fortune in every phase
Is conquered but by bearing. Here thou hast
Acestes of the Dardan stock divine :
Him take, a willing yoke-fellow, to share
Thy counsels ; unto him deliver those
Who are left shipless, or have weary grown
Both of thy fortunes and the great emprise.

Men full of years, and mothers wearied out
With ocean, and whate'er of weak thou hast,
Fearful of danger, choose, and in this land
Give ramparts to the weary ones. Their town,
Grant thou the name, Acesta shall be called.'

Fired by such words from his friend's agèd lips,
Then was his soul with care on care distraught.
And black night, chariot-lifted, held the sky,
When sudden lo ! the likeness of his sire
Anchises seemed to glide from heaven, and speak
With such-like utterance : ' Son, than life to me
Dearer, while life was mine, son, sorely tasked
By Ilium's destinies, hither I come
At Jove's command, who from thy fleet drove off
The fire, and hath at length ta'en pity on thee
Out of high heaven. Obey the goodly rede
Now given by agèd Nautes ; men of choice,
The bravest hearts, lead on to Italy ;
Hardy the race, and rude of life, which thou
In Latium must war-under. First nathless
Approach the infernal halls of Dis, and through
Avernus' depth seek colloquy with me,
My son. For guilty Tartarus holds me not,
Nor the sad ghosts, but in Elysium,
'Mid fair assemblies of the blest I dwell.
Thither with plenteous bloodshed of black kine
The Sibyl pure shall lead thee. Then shalt thou
Learn all thy kindred, and what walls are given.
And now farewell ! dank night her midway course

Is wheeling, and the Orient's panting steeds
Breathe pitiless upon me.' He had said,
And passed, like vapour, into empty air.

'Ah! whither hurrying, whither whirled away?'
Exclaims *Aeneas*, 'whom fliest thou, or who
Bars thee from my embraces?' With that word
He wakes the embers and the slumbering fire,
And with pure meal and brimming censer pays
Honour to Troy's Lar and hoar Vesta's shrine.
Forthwith his friends he summons, *Acestes* first,
Of Jove's command and his dear sire's behest
Instructs them, and what purpose now stands fixed
Within his soul. No hindering the design,
Nor thwarts his word *Acestes*. They transfer
The matrons to their city, and set on shore
Who would, such souls as crave not high renown.
Themselves repair the thwarts, and shape afresh
The fire-gnawed ship-beams, and fit oars and ropes,
Few, but a pulse of manhood quick for war.
Aeneas meanwhile is marking with a plough
The city-boundaries, and assigning homes,
Bids here an *Ilium*, here a *Troy* to be.
Trojan Acestes, glorying in his realm,
Proclaims a court, summons the senators,
And gives them laws. Then to Idalian Venus,
Nigh to the stars, on *Eryx*' top, they found
A dwelling, and *Anchises*' tomb endow
With priest and grove of widespread sanctity.

Now the whole race nine days have wassail held,

And to the altars is due honour done :
Calm winds have laid the ocean, and once more
Auster with quickening breath invites to sea.
Uprises hark ! along the winding shore
A mighty wail : clasped in each other's arms
They linger out the hours of night and day.
Now c'en the matrons, e'en the men, who late
Shuddered at ocean's face, scarce brooked its name,
Fain would set forth, bear all the toil of flight.
Them kind Æneas soothes with friendly words,
And, weeping, to Acestes' care consigns
His kinsman. Then to Eryx he bids slay
Three heifers, and a ewe lamb to the storms ,
And duly loose the moorings. He himself,
Bound with trim olive-leaves about his head,
Stands high upon the prow, and holds a bowl,
Into the salt waves flings the entrails far,
And pours clear-flowing wine. Rising astern,
A breeze escorts them on their way. The crews
With emulous oar-strokes sweep the ocean-plain.

Venus meanwhile, to cares a prey, thus pleads
With Neptune, and pours out her heart's complaint :
' Juno's fell wrath and heart insatiable
Constrain me, Neptune, stoop to every prayer.
No lapse of time, no goodness can assuage,
Nor Jove's command, nor fate itself, avail
To break and tame her. With outrageous hate
'Twas not enough from 'midst the Phrygian folk
To eat away their city, and drag them on

Through every retribution : what remains,
The very dust and bones of perished Troy,
She persecutes. Let her own heart resolve
The causes of such madness. Thou thyself
Art witness, on the Libyan waves but now
What sudden coil she raised ; all seas she mixed
With heaven, upon the storms of Æolus
Vainly relying, and dared it in thy realm.
See, too, Troy's matrons goading into crime,
Their ships she hath burnt foully, forcing them,
With minished fleet, upon an unknown shore
To leave their comrades. Those that yet remain—
Let them, I pray thee of thy goodness, spread
Safe sail across the billows ; let them reach
Laurentian Tiber, lawful if my suit,
If there the walls by destiny assigned.'

Then Saturn's son, the lord of the deep sea,
Made answer : 'Cytherea, 'tis full meet
Thou trust this realm of mine, that gave thee birth ;
And I have earned it : often have I quelled
Such wrath and fury both of sea and sky,
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois
Attest, hath thine Æneas been my care.
What time Achilles, the disheartened hosts
Of Troy pursuing, dashed them on their walls,
And many thousands did to death, till groaned
The choked-up rivers, nor could Xanthus find
A passage, and roll out to sea, then I
Æneas, confronted with brave Peleus' son,

Ill-matched alike in strength and aid from heaven,
Caught in a hollow cloud, albeit full fain
From their foundation to cast down the walls
Of perfidious Troy, that mine own hands had built.
Now too within me the same purpose holds ;
Away with fear ! unscathed he shall arrive
The Avernian havens, goal of thy desire ;
One only shall there be, whom thou wilt seek
Upon the flood, one life be given for many.'

So soothing with his words the goddess' heart
To gladness, the sire yokes his steeds with gold,
Fastens to their wild mouths the foaming bit,
And, through his hands out-slackening all the reins,
Skims light the sea-top in his azure car.

Down sink the waves ; the swelling water-floor
Beneath his thunderous wheel is levelled smooth ;
The clouds fly routed through the vast of air.

Then to attend him came shapes manifold,
Monsters enormous, Glaucus' aged choir,
Palæmon son of Ino, and the swift
Tritons, and Phorcus with his whole array ;
Thetis upon the left, and Melite,
And maiden Panopea, and Nisæe,
Spio, Thalia, and Cymodocë.

Then through the tortured soul of Sire Æneas
Thrills the sweet solace of returning joy ;
Quickly he bids each mast be reared, each sail
Stretched on the yardarms. All made taut the sheet
Together, with one accord, now left, now right,

Slackening the canvas; all together turn
And turn again the lofty sail-yard horns ;
The winds, they wait for, bear the fleet along.
First, before all, leading the dense array,
Was Palinurus, others after him
Bidden to shape their course. Now dewy night
Had well-nigh reached the mid-way goal of heaven ;
In slumber calm the crews relaxed their limbs
Beneath the oars, on the hard benches stretched,
When sleep slid lightly from the stars on high,
Parted the dusky air, and cleft the gloom,
Thee, Palinurus, seeking, and for thee
Fraught with a fatal dream, though innocent.
There on the high stern sat the god, and, like
To Phorbas, pours this utterance from his lips :
‘ O Palinurus, son of Iasus,
See, of its own will ocean wafts the fleet ;
The gales breathe equably ; the hour is given
To slumber. Bow the head, and steal from toil
The weary eyes. Myself awhile will take
Thy task upon me.’ With scarce lifted look,
To him speaks Palinurus : ‘ Bid’st thou me
Mark not the sea’s smooth face and tranquil waves ?
Put faith in such a monster ? Wherefore trust
Æneas to the false breezes, tempt again
The oft-rued treachery of a smiling sky ? ’
Such words he spake, and clutched and clung, nor
aught
Let go the tiller, and held his upward eyes

Still fixed upon the stars : when lo ! the god
O'er either temple shakes a bough besprent
With Lethe-dew, and drugged with Stygian power,
That loosed his swimming eyes, reluctant. Scarce
Had the first stealth of unexpected sleep
Slackened his limbs, when, bending from above,
Headlong it hurled him, half the stern torn off,
Rudder and all, into the weltering waves,
With many a cry to friends that could not aid.
But into empty air the vision's self
Soared on the wing. Nathless the fleet unscathed
Speeds on its journey, and rides undismayed
In Father Neptune's promise. And now it neared
The Siren-crags, found perilous of old,
Whitened with bones of many, while the rocks
With ceaseless surge were booming hoarse afar.
Soon as the sirc perceived his vessel drift
Aimless for lack of helmsman, he himself
Over the midnight wave, with many a groan,
Steered her, sore shaken by his friend's mischance :
' O all too trustful of the smiling face
Of sky and ocean, on an unknown shore,
And naked, Palinurus, thou wilt lie.'

BOOK VI

AENEID VI

WEEPING he spake, and gave his fleet the rein,
 And to Eubœan Cumæ's shore at length
 Glides smoothly in. They turn prows seaward ; then
 The anchors' tooth 'gan grip the vessels fast ;
 The round sterns rim the beach. Outleaps amain
 The war-host on Hesperia's strand ; some search
 For seeds of fire hid deep in veins of flint ;
 Some scour the wild beasts' tangled forest-lairs,
 Or point to new-found streams. But good Æneas
 Makes for the hill-top, where aloft sits throned
 Apollo, and a cavern vast, the far
 Lone haunt of the dread Sibyl, into whom
 The Delian bard his mighty mind and soul
 Breathes, and unlocks the future. Even now
 'Neath Trivia's grove and golden roof they come.

Dædalus, flying from Minos' realm, 'tis said,
 Dared on swift wings to trust him to the sky,
 Upon his uncouth journey floated forth
 Toward the chill Bears, and stood light-poised at last
 On the Chalcidian hill. Here first to earth

Restored, he dedicated to thy name,
Phœbus, the oarage of his wings, and built
A giant temple. On the doors behold !
The murder of Androgeos ; therewithal
The sons of Cecrops, bidden, alas ! to pay
For yearly ransom, seven of their sons' lives :
The urn stands, and the lots are drawn. Uptowers
From Ocean, fronting it, the Gnosian land :
Here her fell love of the bull, Pasiphaë
Mated by cunning, and, that mongrel-birth,
The Minotaur, a twy-formed offspring, stands,
Record of monstrous passion ; here was that
Laborious dwelling with the wandering maze,
Inextricable, but that Dædalus,
Pitying the princess' mighty passion, solved
Himself the riddle of its winding paths,
Guiding blind footsteps with a thread. Thou too
In such a work hadst borne a mighty part,
Had grief allowed, O Icarus. Thy fall
Twice had he sought in gold to fashion, twice
The fathers' hands dropped. Ay, and still their eyes
Had to the end perused it, were not now
Come from his quest Achates, and with him,
Priestess of Phœbus and of Trivia,
Deiphobe, the child of Glaucus, who
Thus hails the king : ' Such shows a time like this
Demands not : better werec it now to slay
Seven bullocks from the unbroken herd, and ewes
Picked duly of like number.' Having thus

Addressed Æneas—nor were the heroes slack
To do her sacred bidding—the priestess
Summons the Teucrians into the high fane.

The mighty face of the Eubœan rock
Is scooped into a cavern, whither lead
A hundred wide ways, and a hundred gates ;
Ay, and therefrom as many voices rush,
The answers of the Sibyl. They had gained
The threshold, when the maid exclaims : 'Tis time
To ask the oracles ; lo ! the god, the god !'
Before the doors thus speaking, suddenly
Nor countenance, nor hue, nor braided locks
Stayed in one fashion : but her bosom heaves,
Her heart swells wild with frenzy ; and more vast
She seems, nor mortal rings her voice, when now
Touched by the nearer breath of deity.

' So slack to vows and prayers,' she cries, ' so slack,
Trojan Æneas ? for the mighty mouths
Of the awed temple will not ope till then.'
So spake she, and was mute. A shudder chill
Ran through the Teucrians' hardy frames, the while
Their king from his heart's deepest pours forth prayer.
' O Phœbus, who the heavy woes of Troy
Hast alway pitied, who crst the Dardan shaft
And hand of Paris didst guide against the bulk
Of the son of Æacus, at thy bidding I
Pierced all those seas that roam round mighty shores,
The far-withdrawn Massylian tribes, and fields
That skirt their quicksands, till at length we grasp

The flying shores of Italy : thus far
Let Troy's ill fate have followed her. Ye too
May justly spare the race of Pergamus,
Gods all and goddesses, to whom Ilium
And the vast Dardan fame was an offence.
And thou most holy seer, who dost foreknow
The future, grant—I do but ask the realm
Owed to my destiny—that Teucria's sons
May rest in Latium with their wandering gods,
And storm-tossed deities of Troy. Then I
To Phœbus and to Trivia will set up
A shrine of solid marble, and holy days
In name of Phœbus. And thee too awaits
In our new realm a mighty sanctuary.
For there thine oracles and mystic dooms,
Spoke to my people, will I set, and choose
Men, and ordain them thine, O gracious one.
Only to leaves commit not thou thy strains,
Lest they fly scattered, the sport of whirling winds ;
Chant them with thine own lips, I pray.' He made
An end of speaking. But the seer, not yet
Patient of Phœbus, in the cavern storms
Immeasurably, if haply from her breast
She may shake off the mighty god ; but he
So much the rather plies her raving mouth,
Tames her wild heart, and moulds her to his might.
And now the temple's hundred monster-gates
Ope of themselves, and through the air convey
The answers of the Sibyl : ' O thou that hast

Outborne at length the sea's vast perils, know
Yet worse on shore await thee. True, the sons
Of Dardanus to Lavinium's realm shall come ;
Of this care ease thy bosom ; yet shall it not
Rejoice them of their coming. War, grim war,
And Tiber foaming high with blood, I see.

Simois and Xanthus, and a Dorian camp
There shalt thou lack not ; yea, for Latium
E'en now a new Achilles hath been found,
Himself too goddess-born. Nowhere shall Juno
Leave haunting of the Teucrians, whilst by thee,
A suppliant in thy need through Italy,
What race, what city, shall be left unsued ?
Once more is cause of all the Teucrians' woe
An alien bride, once more a foreign bed.
Yield not to troubles, thou, but bolder face them,
E'en as thy fortune suffers thee. The first
Pathway to safety, little as thou deemest,
Shall from a Grecian town appear.' In such
Words from the shrine doth Cumæ's Sibyl chant
Her awful riddles, and echo through the cave,
In darkness shrouding truth ; so shakes the reins
Apollo in her raving mouth, and plies
Deep in her breast the goad. Soon as had ebbed
Her frenzy, and the frantic lips were still,
The hero speaks—Æneas : ' No phase of toil
To me, O maid, strange or unlooked for comes.
All things have I forecast, and in my mind
Traversed ere seen. One boon I beg : since this

Is called the portal of the infernal king,
 And the dark pool of Acheron's overflow,
 Let me to my dear sire's own presence pass ;
 Teach thou the way, and ope the sacred gates.
 Him I through flames and thousand following darts
 Rescued upon these shoulders, and bore safe
 From midst the foemen : he, my wayfellow,
 Endured with me all seas, all threats of sky
 And ocean, weak of body, beyond the lot
 And strength of age. Moreover he it was
 Charged and implored me with this suppliant suit
 Thy threshold to approach. Both son and sire
 Pity, I pray thee, of thy grace ; for thou
 Canst all things, nor for naught hath Hecate
 Made thee the mistress of Avernian groves.
 If Orpheus could recall his loved one's shade,
 Armed but with Thracian harp, and tuneful strings,
 If Pollux, dying in turn, redeemed his brother,
 Trod and retrod the way so oft—why speak
 Of mighty Theseus, of Alcides, why ?
 My lineage also is from Jove in heaven.'
 So spake he praying, and clasped the altar ; then
 The seer brake silence : ' Sprung from blood of gods,
 Trojan Anchises' son, easy the road
 Down to Avernus : night and day the door
 Of gloomy Dis stands open ; but thy steps
 Back to retrace, emerge to upper air,
 This is the task, the labour this. Some few,
 Favoured and loved of Jupiter, or borne

By their own glowing virtue to the sky,
Sons of the gods, attained it. All between
Is forest-clothed, and with black-gliding coil
Cocytus winds about it. But if thou
So yearn'st at heart, if such thy longing, twice
To stem the Stygian pool, twice view the gloom
Of Tartarus ; and it please thee to give play
To a mad quest, hear what must first be done.
Hid in a tree's dark shade there lurks a bough,
Gold both in leaf and limber twig, and called
Sacred to nether Juno. All the grove
Hides it, by obscure valleys closed in gloom.
But none may probe the vaults of earth, or ere
He pluck the gold-tressed sapling from the tree.
This to be brought as her peculiar gift
Fair Proserpine ordained. The first torn off,
Fails not a second, gold no less, whose spray
Sprouts of the selfsame ore. So with thine eyes
Search deep, and, duly finding, with thy hand
Pluck it, for freely at a touch 'twill yield,
If thou art called of fate : not, otherwise,
By any force wilt thou prevail to win,
Or with hard steel to tear it. Furthermore
The breathless corse of one that was thy friend
Still lies—alas ! thou know'st not—and with death
Taints the whole fleet, while on our threshold here
Thou hoverest, seeking counsel. Him first bear
To his own place, and hide in tomb, and bring
Black cattle in expiation, before all :

So shalt thou see at last the groves of Styx,
And realms unfooted by the living.' She
Spake, and was silent with closed lips.

Aeneas

With downcast eyes and gloomy brow strides on,
Quitting the cave, alone with his own heart
Revolving hidden issues. At his side
Goes true Achates, with like load of care
Planting his footsteps. Many a thought they wove
In varying converse—of what lifeless friend
The priestess spake, what corse for burial. So
At length arrived, on the dry beach they see
Misenus, snatched by an untimely death,
Misenus, son of Aeolus, than whom
None more renowned with clarion's clang to rouse
Heroes, and fire the war-god with his blast.
Great Hector he had served, at Hector's side,
Famous alike for trumpet and for spear,
Would join the fray: whom when Achilles quelled
And robbed of life, he, bravest of the brave,
Had ta'en Aeneas the Dardan for his lord,
Following no meaner destiny. But then,
While with his hollow shell he thrills the main,
Madman, and challenges the gods to match
His music, Triton, if the tale be true,
Seized him, in jealousy, and under-sea
Plunged in a moment amid foaming rocks.
So all, around him, clamoured with loud cries,
And, foremost, good Aeneas. Then speedily

The Sibyl's bidding they despatch with tears,
A funeral-altar toiling to upbuild
Of heapèd boughs, and rear it to the sky.
Into an ancient forest forth they fare,
The wild beasts' lofty covert. Down go the pines,
Loud rings the ilex to the smiting axe,
And ash-trees and the splintering heart of oak
Are cleft with wedges : from the hills they roll
Huge mountain-ashes down. Æneas, no less
Foremost amid such toil, cheers on his friends,
And girds him with like weapons. Then alone
With his sad heart he ponders, gazing on
The boundless forest, and thus prays aloud :
' If now that golden branch upon the tree
Might to our eyes in this vast grove appear !
Since all too truly spake the prophetess
Of thee, alas ! Misenus.' Scarce had he
Uttered the word, when, as it happed, twin doves
Under his very eyes from heaven came flying,
And light on the green sod. The mighty chief,
His mother's birds discerning, prays with joy :
' Oh ! be my guides, if any path there be,
And steer your airy course into the grove,
Where the rich bough o'ershades the fertile ground.
And our perplexity forsake not thou,
O goddess-mother.' So saying, he checked his steps,
Watching what signs they bring, their course bend
whither.
They, feeding, still fly forward just so far

As the pursuer's eye might bear in sight.
Then, having gained Avernus' poisonous jaws,
Swiftly they mount, and, gliding through clear air,
Perch both, and settle upon the wished-for tree,
Flashed through whose boughs the gold's contrasting
gleam.

As mistletoe, when winter chills the woods,
Bursts into new leaf, sown on alien tree,
And, saffron-berried, clips the tapering trunk,
Such was the seeming of that leafy gold
On the dark ilex ; so in the light breeze
Rustled the foil. Æneas instantly
Seizes and rives it from its lingering hold
With hungry clutch, and bears it 'neath the roof
Of the prophetic Sibyl.

Nor less meanwhile
The Teucrians on the shore bewailed Misenus,
Paying the last dues to the thankless dust.
First, rich with pine-brands, of hewn timber vast,
A pyre they raise, with dark leaves wreathè the sides,
Plant funeral-cypresses in front, above
Deck it with gleaming arms. Some set to heat
Water, and caldrons heaving on the flame,
And wash the death-cold body, and anoint,
And make loud moaning. Then the wept-for limbs
Upon the couch they lay, and over them
Cast purple robes, the well-known raiment : some,
Sad service, bowed them to the heavy bier,
And, eyes averted, their ancestral wont,

Applied the torch and held. The heap'd gifts blaze—
Frankincense, viands, and bowls of streaming oil.
When sank the embers, and the flame was stilled,
The remnant of the thirsty dust they drench
With wine, and Corynaeus gathered up,
And in a brazen casket hid, the bones.

He with pure water too thrice paced the round
Of comrades, with the light dew sprinkling them
From bough of fruitful olive, and purified
The heroes, and spake out the latest words.
But good Æneas, for tomb, a mighty mound
Heaps o'er the hero, and his own arms, both oar
And trumpet, 'neath a skyey mount, which now
From him is called Misenus, and preserves
From age to age his everlasting name.

This done, with speed he girds him to fulfil
The Sibyl's bidding : a deep cave there was
With huge gape monstrous, jaggèd, and hemmed in
By the dark mere and forest's gloom, o'er which
Nothing that flies could wing a scathless way,
Such breath from the black jaws outpouring sped
Into the vault of heaven (from whence the Greeks
Have called the place Avernus). And here first
The priestess ranges four black-bodied bulls,
Pours wine upon their brows, and 'twixt the horns
Plucking the topmost tuft, as firstfruit, throws it
Into the sacred flames, calling aloud
On Hecate, queen both in heaven and hell.
Others set knives beneath them, and in bowls

Catch the warm blood. Æneas a black-fleeced lamb
Unto the mother of the Eumenides
And her great sister with his own sword strikes,
A barren heifer, O Proserpine, to thee,
Then to the Stygian king inauguates
Altars by night, and casts upon the fire
Whole carcasses of bulls, pouring fat oil
Upon the blazing entrails. But behold !
Hard upon dawn and sunrise, 'neath their feet
The ground 'gan rumble, and a-quaking fell
The forest-ridges, and through the gloom there seemed
Dogs howling, as the goddess drew anigh.
'Hence, hence, unhallowed ones!' the priestess shrieks ;
'From the whole grove avaunt ye ! and do thou
Rush on the road, pluck sword from sheath, Æneas ;
Now need'st thou ail thy courage and a stout heart.'
Thus far she spake, and like a fury plunged
Into the cave's mouth : he, no falterer, keeps
Pace with the steps of his advancing guide.

Gods of the spirit-realm, and voiceless shades,
And Chaos and Phlegethon, vast tracts of night
And silence, grant me, what mine ear hath heard,
To utter, and, with your fiat, to unfold
Things whelmed in darkness and the under-world.

On strode they blindly through the gloom, beneath
The solitary night, through the void halls
And ghostly realms of Dis : as men may walk
The wood-way 'neath a coy moon's grudging light,
When Jupiter with shade had curtained heaven,

And black night of her colour robs the world.
Fronting the portal, even in Orcus' jaws,
Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed ;
And pale Diseases house, and dolorous Eld,
And Fear and Famine, counsellor of crime,
And loathly Want, shapes terrible to view,
And Death and Travail, and, Death's own brother,
 Sleep,

And the soul's guilty joys, and murderous War,
Full on the threshold, and the iron cells
Of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, who
With blood-stained fillet wreathes her snaky locks.

Spreads in the midst her boughs and agèd arms
An elm, huge, shadowy, where vain dreams, 'tis said,

Are wont to roost them, under every leaf
Close-clinging : and many a monster-form beside
Of various beasts—Centaurs against the door
Are stalled, and twy-formed Scyllas, and Briareus,
He of the hundred hands, and Lerna's brute
Horribly hissing, Chimaera armed with flames,
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shadowy shape
Three-bodied. Here, in a tremor of sudden fear,
Grasped at his sword Aeneas, and with bare edge
Opposed their coming, and, but for warning word
From his wise comrade that they were but thin
Unbodied lives, flitting 'neath hollow shows
Of form, he would rush on them, and be cleaving
Shadows in twain with ineffectual sword.

Hence runs a road to the Tartarean waves
Of Acheron leading, where his eddying gulf,
Seething with mud and a wild whirlpool, boils,
Into Cocytus belching all his sand.
These floods and waters a grim ferryman guards,
Of hideous squalor, Charon, on whose chin
Lies a thick grizzle, all untrimmed ; his eyes
Are orbs of staring fire, and by a knot
Hangs from his shoulders a soil'd garb. Himself
Plies with a pole his craft, and tends the sails,
Freighting with dead the dusky barge ; now old,
But with the age of godhead hale and green.
Toward him the whole crowd rushing floods the bank ;
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes :
As many as forest-leaves that fluttering fall
In the first chill of autumn, or as many
As birds flock shoreward from the weltering deep,
When the chill year, now chasing over-sea,
Drives them to sunny lands. There stood they praying
Each to be first o'erferried, and stretched forth
Their hands with yearning for the further shore.
But the sour boatman takes now these, now those,
And others from the strand thrusts far aloof.
Æneas, sore startled by the tumult, cries :
· Say, maid, what means this thronging to the stream ?
What seek the spirits ? or by what law quit these
The brink, skim those the leaden oar-swept tide ?'

Briefly to him the aged priestess spake :
' Anchises' son, sure offspring of the gods,
Cocytus' deep pools and the Stygian marsh
Here thou beholdest, by whose power the gods
Fear to swear falsely ; helpless, tombless all
This crowd, thou seest ; yon ferryman is Charon :
Those, whom the billow bears, have found a grave.
But o'er the dread banks and hoarse-sounding flood
Waft them he may not, till their bones have rest.
A hundred years about these shores they flit
And wander, then at length, their ban removed,
The longed-for pools revisit.' Anchises' son
Halted, and stayed his steps, revolving much,
And pitying from his heart their cruel fate.
There—woful forms, and lacking death's last due—
Leucaspis he descries, and there Orontes,
Chief of the Lycian fleet, whom both, from Troy
Borne over squally seas, the South o'erwhelmed,
Winding in watery shroud both craft and crew.

Lo ! there the pilot Palinurus went,
Who late, star-gazing on their Libyan voyage,
Pitched from the stern had fallen amid the sea.
Him, when at length the sorrowing face he knew
Through the thick gloom, he first addressed : ' What
god,
O Palinurus, snatched thee from our sight,
And in mid ocean plunged thee ? Tell me who :
For, ne'er till then found faithless, in this one
Presage Apollo fooled my mind, who sang

That scathless over sea thou shouldst arrive
Ausonia's bounds. Is this his promised word ?'
But the other : ' Nor thee did Phœbus' tripod fail,
My chief, Anchises' son, nor any god
Plunged me in ocean : for behold ! while I
Clave to the tiller, as my charge was, and steered,
Hurled headlong, I tore off, with mighty force,
And dragged it with me. By the rough waves I swear
No terror seized me for myself so much
As for thy ship, lest now, of tackle shorn,
Dashed from beneath her master, she should fail
Amid such mounting billows. Three wintry nights
Over the boundless ocean-plains the South
With fury drove me : scarce, the fourth dawn, high
On a wave's crest I sighted Italy.
By inches I swam shoreward ; safety now
Was in my grasp ; had not the savage folk,
As heavy with soaked weed my fingers' clutch
Caught at the ruggèd mountain-heads, with sword
Assailed, and for a prize misdeemed, me. Now
The wave holds, and winds toss me on the beach.
But by the pleasant light and air of heaven,
And by thy sire, I pray thee, by thy hopes
In young Iulus, pluck me from these ills,
O thou unconquer'd ! Either, for thou canst,
Cast earth on me, reseeking Velia's port,
Or, if there be a way, if any way
Thy goddess-mother show thee—for not all
Unwarranted of heaven, methinks, wouldest thou

Stem these vast waters, and the Stygian mere—
Grant to my tears thy hand, and bear me o'er
The billows with thee, that at least in death
I may find quiet resting.' Thus he spake,
And thus the prophetess began : ' From whence,
O Palinurus, sprang this wild desire ?
Shalt thou unburied view the Stygian waves,
And the stern river of the Eumenides,
Or tread the bank unbidden ? Cease thou to hope
That heaven's fix'd doom can be unbent by prayer :
But, thy hard lot to solace, hear and heed :
For lo ! the border townsfolk far and near,
Goaded by heavenly portents, shall appease
Thy dust, and build a tomb, and to the tomb
Pay yearly offerings ; and the place shall bear
The name of Palinurus evermore.'

These words allayed his pain, and drove the grief
Awhile from his sad bosom ; and he takes
Joy in the land that is to bear his name.

So they pursue the path, and near the stream.
But at that point, when from the Stygian wave
The boatman saw them through the silent wood
Moving, and striding toward the bank, he thus
Accosts them, and upbraids withal : ' Whoe'er
Thou art, that to our river comest in arms,
Stand, and say why thou comest, and check thy step.
This is the place of shades, sleep, slumberous Night ;
The quick on Stygian barge I may not bear.
Nor was it to my joy that erst I took

And sped Alcides on the watery way,
Nor Theseus and Peirithous, albeit
Both god-begotten and of unconquered strength.
He the Tartarean warder sought to enchain
Before the king's own throne, and cowering dragged
him ;

These from the bride-chamber of Dis essayed
His queen to ravish.' Whereunto replied
Briefly the priestess of Amphrysus : ' Here
Is no such trickery : cease to storm : these arms
Mean not offence : let the huge gatekeeper
With ceaseless baying affright the bloodless ghosts ;
Guard Proserpine her uncle's doors from stain :
Lo ! here, renowned for goodness as for arms,
Trojan Æneas to the nether shades
Of Erebus descends, to seek his sire.
If thee such goodness moves not to behold,
At least this bough—the bough which lay within
Her robe disclosing—canst thou not ignore.'
Then ebbed the swelling tide of his heart's wrath,
Nor further spake he. At the awful gift
Wondering, the doom-wand, hid from sight so long,
He turns the dark-blue barge, and nears the shore.
Then other spirits, which on the long thwarts sat,
Thrust forth, he clears the benches, and therewith
Takes vast Æneas on board ; groaned 'neath his
weight

The seamy craft, and through its chinks let in
The marsh-wave freely. Safe across the stream

Both prince and priestess he unships at last
On grey-green sedges and unsightly mire !

These are the realms huge Cerberus makes ring
With his three-throated baying—a monstrous bulk
Stretched in the cave's mouth fronting them. To him,
Seeing his neck now bristling with its snakes,
A bait the priestess throws, with honey drugged
And medicated meal. His triple maw
With ravenous hunger opening, from her hand
He caught it, and, his monster-length relaxed,
Lies prone, spread huge o'er all the cavern-floor.
The warder sunk in sleep, *Aeneas* takes
The entrance, and swift quits the water's rim,
Renavigable never.

Forthwith are heard
Voices of mighty wailing, and the cry
Of infant souls upon the threshold's brink,
Whom, dowerless of sweet life, torn from the breast,
A dark day quelled, and plunged in bitter death.
Next them were those by false charge doomed to die :
Not that their places without lot or judge
Are dealt them : Minos, as inquisitor,
Handles the urn, the silent council calls,
And learns the story of their lives and crimes.
And next have place the unhappy souls, who wrought
Their own end, guiltless, and flung life away,
Loathing the sunlight. Ah ! how fain were these
Now in the upper air to bide both want
And hardship ! Fate forbids : the unlovely swamp

Binds with its sullen wave, and pens them fast
Styx, with her ninefold barrier poured between.
Not far from hence, on every side outstretched,
Are shown the Mourning Fields : such name they bear.
Here, whom fell love with cruel wasting gnawed,
Close walks conceal, and myrtle-groves embower :
Their pangs e'en death removes not. There he sees
Phædra, and Procris, Eriphylë sad,
Showing the wounds her ruthless son had dealt,
Evadne, and Pasiphaë, and with these
Laodamia, and once man, now maid,
Cæneus, by fate to his old shape restored.
And, among these, Phœnician Dido roamed,
Fresh from her wound, within the mighty grove :
Whom when the Trojan hero stood anigh,
And knew, though dim through darkness—as a man
Sees when the month is young, or thinks he sees,
The moon through clouds arising—the tears fell,
And with sweet words of love he greeted her :
‘Unhappy Dido, was the tale then true,
Brought to mine ears, that thou wert quenched in
death,
And with the sword hadst sought the end of all ?
Alas ! was I thy doomsman ? By the stars
I swear, and by the gods above, and by
Whate'er is sacred in the under-world,
Right loth, O queen, was I to quit thy shore.
But heaven's decrees, which now to walk the shades,
Tracts rough with squalor, and abysmal night,

Compel, then drove me with their high behests :
Nor could I think that I should bring thee dole
So deep by my departure : stay thy step :
Withdraw not from my gaze : whom fliest thou?—
this

Of all my greetings doomed to be the last !'
E'en with such words, 'mid rising tears, Æneas
Her fiery soul, fierce-glancing, sought to soothe.
She held her looks aloof, eyes fixed on earth,
And at his proffered speech changed face no more,
Than hard flint stood she, or Marpesian rock.
At length she whirled away, and, still estranged,
Sought the green gloom, where her first lord Sychæus
Echoes her grief, and gives her love for love.
Æneas, nathless, stunned by her cruel fate,
Follows with pitying tears her steps afar.

From thence he girds him to the appointed path.
And now the utmost fields they gain, where those
War-famous dwell apart. Here Tydeus meets him,
Parthenopæus here, renowned in arms,
And the pale spectre of Adrastus ; here,
Much wept by those on earth, and fallen in war,
The Dardan chiefs, whom all in long array
He groaned beholding. There were Glaucus, Medon,
Thersilochus, Antenor's children three,
And Polyphetes, Ceres' priest, and, yet
Grasping the chariot, yet his arms, Idæus.
Thronging, the souls press round him, right and left ;
Nor does one look suffice them : still they love

To linger, pace beside him, and inquire
 His cause of coming. But the Danaan lords,
 And Agamemnon's cohorts, when they spied
 The hero's armour gleaming through the shade,
 Quake with vast terror : some, turning, fled, as erst
 They sought the ships ; some lift a meagre voice :
 The would-be war-cry mocks their gaping mouths.

Ay, and the son of Priam here he saw,
 Deiphobus—sore mangled all his frame,
 Face and both hands rent cruelly, his ears
 From the maimed temples shorn, and nostrils lopped
 With shameful butchery. Scarce indeed he knew him,
 Cowering and cloaking his rough chastisement,
 Then in the oft-heard accents hailed him first :
 ‘ Deiphobus, thou warrior dread, and sprung
 From Teucer's lofty line, who listed, say,
 To wreak such cruel vengeance, or who thus
 Had power upon thee ? To mine ears it came
 On that last night of all, that, wearied out
 With endless slaughter of Pelasgians, thou
 Hadst on an heap of mingled carnage fallen.
 Then I myself on the Rhœtean shore
 Upreared an empty tomb, and with loud voice
 Thrice called upon thy spirit : thy name and arms
 Still mark the spot : thee, friend, I could not see
 Nor lay, ere parting, in our native earth.’
 Whereto the son of Priam : ‘ In naught hast thou
 Failed me, O friend, but to Deiphobus
 And to the dead man's shade hast quitted all

But fate and the pernicious guilt of that
Laconian woman plunged me in this woe :
These tokens are by her bequeathed. For how
That latest night in treacherous joys we spent
Thou knowest, must e'en remember all too well.
When o'er the lofty citadel of Troy
Leapt at a bound the doom-fraught horse, and bare
Armed soldiery within its labouring womb,
She feigned a solemn dance, and, leading round
The Phrygian dames with Bacchic revelling-cries,
Held in their midst herself a mighty torch,
And called the Danai from the fortress-height,
Then I with trouble spent, weighed down with sleep,
Was holden of our ill-starred bridal bower,
Lying with deep sweet slumber overwhelmed,
Deep as the calm of death. My peerless wife
Meanwhile all arms from out the palace moves—
The true sword first from 'neath my pillow filched—
Calls Menelaus in, throws wide the door,
Hoping forsooth that to her lover this
Would prove a mighty boon, and so be quenched
The fame of old offences. Why delay ?
They burst into my chamber : joins their crew,
Prompter of crimes, the son of Æolus.
Ye gods, like measure to the Greeks repay,
If with pure lips I ask for vengeance. But
Come, tell in turn what chance brings hither thee,
A living man : by ocean-wanderings led,
Or at thehest of heaven ? What fortune, say,

Spurs thee to seek the sad, unsunned abodes,
 Regions of Chaos?' In this interchange
 Of talk, Aurora in her rosy car
 Had crossed the mid pole on her path through heaven ;
 And haply all the allotted time they thus
 Had wasted, but the Sibyl at his side
 Spake a brief warning word : ' Night comes apace,
 Æneas, and we with weeping wear the hours.
 This is the spot where splits the road in twain :
 The right leads to the giant walls of Dis,
 Our way to Elysium : but the left wreaks wroth
 On sinners, and to guilty Tartarus sends.'
 Deiphobus made answer : ' Be not wroth,
 Great priestess ; I will hence, fill up the tale,
 And get me back to darkness. Go, our glory ;
 Go, entertain a happier fate.' Thus far
 He spake, and, speaking, turned his steps away.

Æneas looks swiftly back, and 'neath a rock
 Sees leftward a wide fort, with triple wall
 Girded : and round it a fierce torrent goes
 Of billowy fire, Tartarean Phlegethon,
 Who hurls the rocks in thunder : full in front
 A vast gate, columns of solid adamant !
 So that no might of man, nay, not the hosts
 Of heaven avail to shatter it in war.
 An iron tower stands skyward, where enthroned,
 Girt with a gory robe, Tisiphone
 Guards sleeplessly the threshold, night and day.
 Hence groans are heard, and sound of cruel stripes

And clank of iron, and trailing chains. Æneas
Stopped, and stood rooted, by the din dismayed.
‘What shapes of crime are here, O maiden, say ;
With what pains visited ? What cry so swells
To heaven ?’ Then thus the prophetess began :
‘Famed Teucrian leader, no pure foot may tread
The accursèd floor : but Hecate herself,
What time she set me o’er the Avernian groves,
Taught me the punishments of heaven, and led
Through all its precincts. Here—a reign of iron—
Rules Gnosian Rhadamanthus, of dark crimes
Both punisher and judge, from guilty lips
Extorting whatso any upon earth,
Exulting in the empty cheat, hath left
Of sins inexpiate till the hour of death.
Straightway Tisiphone, armed with vengeful scourge,
Swinges and spurns the guilty, in her left
Brandishing snakes, and summoning the ranks
Of her fell sisters. Then the awful gates
Open at last upon harsh-griding hinge.
Seest thou what warder sits before the door ?
What grim shape guards the threshold ? But within,
Monster of fifty throats black-yawning, keeps
Ward a yet fiercer Hydra. Therewithal
Lo ! Tartarus self, that opes sheerdown, and strikes
Into the nether darkness, twice so far
As to Olympus’ skyey top, and heaven,
The eye scans upward. Here that ancient brood
Of earth, the Titan children, where the bolt

Felled them, lie wallowing in the deep abyss.
Here too beheld I, bodies of vast bulk,
The twin sons of Aloëus, who essayed
With rude hands to tear ope the mighty heaven,
And hurl Jove downward from his throne on high.
Ay, and I saw Salmoneus suffering still
The cruel doom that fell while aping yet
Jove's fire and thunders of Olympus : he,
Drawn by four horses, and with waving torch,
Through the Greek tribes and 'mid the streets of Elis,
Rode on in triumph and claimed the rank of gods,
Madman ! the clouds' incomparable bolt
With brass to mock and tramp of hoofèd steeds !
But through thick clouds the Sire Omnipotent
Let loose a shaft—no brand or smoky glare
Of pine-torch he—that with its mighty wind
Down drove him headlong : there too Tityos,
Nursling of Earth, all-mother, might be seen,
Whose bulk o'er nine whole acres stretched, the while
A crook-beak'd monstrous vulture, gnawing still
The imperishable liver and entrails rife
With anguish, digs for dainties, housing deep
Within his bosom, and no respite gives
To the requickened fibres. Why tell o'er
The Lapithæ, Ixion, Peirithous,
On whom a black crag, ever like to slip,
Frowns and seems falling ? the high festal couch
Shines golden-propared ; the feast before their eyes
Is spread with royal splendour ; hard at hand

The eldest of the Furies, couched, forbids
Their fingers touch the board, and up she starts
With torch high-lifted and loud-thundering mouth.
Those who their brethren loathed while life endured
Or smote a parent, or for client knit
The mesh of fraud, or over treasures found
Brooded alone, nor meted to their kin—
The mightiest number these—or who were slain
For loves adulterous, or to rebel arms
Clave, and feared not with masters to break faith,
Prisoned, await their doom. Seek not to learn
What doom, what phase or fate, hath whelmed them.

Some

Roll a vast stone, or racked on wheel-spokes hang ;
Sits and for aye will sit unhappy Theseus ;
And Phlegyas, wretchedest of men, warns all,
And with loud voice bears witness through the shades ;
“ Be taught, learn justice, and spurn not the gods.”
One sold for gold his country, on her neck
Planted a mighty tyrant, for a bribe
Made laws and unmade ; one his daughter’s bed
Assailed, banned nuptials ; all some monstrous guilt
Have dared, and of their daring reaped the joy.
Not though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron, would these avail me
To sum in gross and single all the crimes,
No, nor their penalties rehearse by name.’

So Phœbus’ agèd priestess, and anon :
‘ Up ! seize the path, fulfil the attempted task,

Speed we our steps,' she cried ; ' I see the walls
Reared by the Cyclops' forges, and the gate,
With arch confronting, where they bid us lay
The appointed tribute.' She had said, and through
Dim ways they, striding side by side, snatch up
The intervening space, and near the doors.
Æneas then takes the entrance, on his limbs
Sprinkles fresh water, and makes fast the bough
Full in the gateway. This at last performed,
The goddess' dues accomplished, they arrived
The happy region and green pleasaunces
Of the blest woodlands, the abode of joy.
An ampler ether with purpureal light
Clothes here the plain ; another sun than ours,
And other stars they know. Some ply their limbs
Upon the grassy wrestling-ground, and strive
In sport, and grapple on the tawny sand ;
Some, footing, beat the dance, and chaunt the lay.
Here too the Thracian priest, with trailing robe,
Makes eloquent the seven divided notes . . .
To match their measures, and, with fingers now,
And now with comb of ivory, strikes them. Here
Are Teucer's ancient stock, a glorious line,
The high-souled heroes born in happier years,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Founder of Troy. He marvels to behold
Their arms and ghostly chariots from afar.
The spears stand fixed in earth ; their steeds, unyoked,
Roam grazing o'er the plain. What pride had each,

Alive, in arms and chariot, or what pains
To pasture his sleek steeds, the same no less
Attends them still, now hid beneath the earth.
Lo! some he sees to right hand and to left
Feasting along the greensward, or in choir
Chaunting a joyous pæan, 'mid a grove
Of perfumed bay, whence risen Eridanus
Rolls wide through forests of the upper world.
Here is the band of those who suffered wounds,
Fighting for country, or, while life remained,
Were priests and pure, or holy bards that spake
Things worthy Phœbus, or who sweetened life
With new-found arts, earning by service wrought
Of some to be remembered—these are all
With snow-white fillet bound about the brow.
Whom, pouring round, the Sibyl thus addressed,
Musæus before all, for midmost he
Of that vast multitude their upward gaze
O'er tops with towering shoulders : ' Happy shades,
And thou, of bards the best, what region, say,
What haunt, now holds Anchises ? for his sake
Have we come hither, and crossed the mighty floods
Of Erebus.' To her the hero thus
Brief answer made : ' No fixed abode is here ;
In shadowy groves we dwell, and make our home
The slope of banks, or freshet-quickened mead ;
But, tends your heart's wish thither, mount this ridge :
Soon will I set you on an easy track.'
He spake and strode before, and from the height

Shows them the shining levels ; thereupon
The mountain-tops they quit.

But Sire Anchises

Deep in a verdant dell with busy thought
Surveyed the souls there prisoned, thence to pass
Up to the light of heaven, and, as it chanced,
Was telling o'er the tale of all his kin,
The well-loved offspring of his seed to be,
Their fates, their fortunes, characters, and deeds.
But when advancing towards him o'er the sward
He saw Aeneas, both eager palms he stretched,
And his cheeks ran with tears, and from his lips
This utterance fell : ‘ And art thou come at last,
And has the love long looked for by thy sire
Conquered the toilsome road ? May I behold
Thy face, my son, and hear the well-known voice
And answer ? So indeed with pondering heart
I deemed that it would be, counting the days ;
Nor did my longing cheat me. O'er what lands
And what vast seas art borne to my embrace,
Tossed by what perils, O my son ! What fears
Had I lest Libya's realm should prove thy bane ! ’
But he : ‘ It was thy mournful shade, my sire,
Ay thine, so oft appearing, drove me toward
These portals. Our ships ride the Tuscan main.
Give, father, give me thy right hand to clasp,
Nor from my arms withdraw thee.’ Thus he spake,
Bathing his face, the while, with floods of tears.
Thrice, as he stood, his arms he sought to cast

About his neck ; and thrice the baffled hands
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.

Meanwhile Æneas within the vale's recess
Spies a sequestered grove, wood-whispering brakes,
And therewith Lethe-river, that flows by
The dwellings of repose. Here, round about,
Nations and peoples without number flew ;
Even as in cloudless summer, when the bees
Settling on meadow-flowers, now this, now that,
Stream o'er the milk-white lilies, all the plain
Hums with their buzzing. At the sudden sight
Æneas starts, and witless asks the cause,
And what those floods afar, and who be they
That throng the banks in multitude so vast.
Then Sire Anchises : ‘ Souls, to whom are owed
By fate new bodies, there by Lethe's stream
Drink heedless draughts of long forgetfulness.
These to tell o'er and show thee face to face
Long have I yearned, and count my seed to be,
That thou the rather may'st my joy partake
In Italy new-found.’ ‘ And must we deem,
Father, some spirits, borne heavenward hence aloft,
Turn back to their dull bodies, so fondly crave
The light, poor souls ? ’ ‘ I will e'en tell thee, son,
Ay, nor prolong thy doubt.’ Anchises then
Takes up the tale, and point by point reveals.

‘ Know first that heaven, the earth, the watery plains,
The moon's bright orb, and Titan's starry sphere—

These doth a spirit inly feed ; a mind,
Its limbs pervading, stirs the whole mass through
And with the vast frame mingles. Hence arise
Mankind, and beastkind, wingèd life, and what
The sea bears monstrous 'neath his marble floor.
Of fiery vigour, heavenly source those germs,
Save as impaired by flesh corruptible,
Dulled with frames earthy, and limbs prone to death.
Hence they desire, and fear, and grieve, and joy,
Nor light of heaven can they discern, shut fast
In the blind darkness of their prison-house.
Nay, nor when life with its last beam departs,
Doth every ill, or all the body's plagues,
Ah ! hapless, leave them wholly ; many a blot
Must, long ingrained there, cling in wondrous wise.
Therefore, by sorrow schooled, of their old ills
They pay the punishment : some hang exposed
To the void winds ; some have the dye of guilt
Purged in vast whirlpool, or burnt out with fire.
Each his own shade we suffer—and then are sent
To range Elysium, and, some few, possess
Those happy fields—suffer, till lapse of time,
Now run full circle, shall eradicate
Each inbred blemish, and leave naught behind
But sense æthereal and pure spirit-fire.
These, having whirled a thousand years away,
Are in a vast throng summoned all by God
To Lethe's stream, that, memory lost, they may
Heaven's vault revisit, and a wish beget

Into the body to return once more.'

Anchises ceased, and drawing thence his son
And eke the Sibyl into the mid press
And murmuring throng, takes stand upon a mound
Whence in long line he might peruse them all,
Full face, and learn their features, as they came.

'Come now, the Dardan offspring, and their fame
Hereafter following, from Italian stock
What seed awaits thee, spirits of renown,
Heirs of our name, I will unfold in words,
Thy fortunes teach thee. Yonder, whom thou seest,
A youth, and leaning on a headless spear,
Nearest to light hath drawn a place ; he first
From the mixed strain of Italy shall rise
Into the air of heaven, an Alban name,
Silvius, thy youngest offspring, whom, late-born,
Child of old age, thy wife Lavinia
Shall in the forest rear to be a king
And sire of kings, from whom our race shall rule
In Alba Longa. Procas next to him,
Glory of Trojan race, and Capys too,
And Numitor, and, second of thy name,
Silvius Æneas, excellent alike
In goodness and in arms, if ever he
Come to his Alban kingdom. Lo ! what men !
What might, see, in their bearing ! and their brows
With civic oak o'ershadowed ! These for thee
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ's town,
These towered Collatium on the hills shall rear,

Pometia, and the fort of Inuus,
Bola, and Cora. Those shall then be names,
Now nameless lands. Ay, and the son of Mars
Shall join him to his grandsire—Romulus,
Reared by his mother Ilia from thy blood,
Assaracus. Seest how the twin plumes stand
Upon his crest, and how his sire e'en now
By his own token marks him for a god ?
Lo ! 'neath his auspices yon glorious Rome
Shall bound, my sen, her empire with the world,
Her pride with heaven, and with encircling wall
Clasp to her single heart the sevenfold hills,
Blest in a breed of heroes : even as when
The Berecyntian mother in her car
Rides through the Phrygian cities, turret-crowned,
Glad in her brood of godhead, as she clasps
A hundred children's children, dwellers all
In heaven, and tenants of the heights above.
Both eyes turn hither now, this race behold,
Thine own, the Romans. Here is Cæsar, here
The whole line of Iulus, that shall pass
One day beneath the mighty pole of heaven.
This, this the man so oft foretold to thee,
Cæsar Augustus, a god's son, who shall
The golden age rebuild through Latian fields
Once ruled by Saturn, and push far his sway
O'er Garamantians and the tribes of Ind,
A land that lies beyond the stars, beyond
The year's path and the sun's, where, prop of heaven,

Atlas upon his shoulder turns the pole,
Studded with burning constellations. See !
Even now, against his coming, Caspian realms
At the gods' omens shudder ; ay, and plains
Mæotic and the mouths of sevenfold Nile
Quake and are troubled. Not Alcides even
Traversed so much of earth, I trow, albeit
The brazen-footed hind he pierced, and stilled
The Erymanthian groves, and with his bow
Affrighted Lerna ; nay, nor he, who drives
His car with reins of vine-leaf, Liber, guiding
From Nysa's lofty crest his tiger-team.
And still by prowess to spread wide our power
Doubt we, and doth fear hinder us to tread
Ausonia's land ? But who is he afar
With olive-boughs conspicuous, in his hand
Vessels of sacrifice ? I recognise
The locks and hoar beard of the Roman king,
Who shall the rising city base on law,
From lowly Cures and a land of need
Launched on a mighty empire. Next in turn
Comes Tullus, who shall break his country's peace,
And stir ease-sunken warriors to the fray,
And ranks disused to triumphs ; and hard on him
Ancus, o'erboastful, and too much e'en now
Caught by the breath of the vain multitude.
Wouldst see the Tarquin kings too, the proud soul
Of Brutus the avenger, and the rods
Of power retrieved ? He first, with consul's sway,

Shall the stern axes wield, and his own sons,
New strife upstirring, for fair freedom's sake,
Bid to their doom, unhappy one ! Howe'er
Censured in after time, his country's love
And boundless thirst for honour shall prevail.
The Decii and the Drusi too behold
Far off, Torquatus cruel with his axe,
Camillus bringing home the standards. Thosc
Whom yonder glittering in like arms thou seest,
Of one heart now and while in darkness penned,
Let but their eyes attain the light, alas !
Each against each, what wars will they provoke,
What stricken fields and carnage ! From the Alps
Heaped barriers and Monœcus' citadel
The sire descending, while his daughter's lord
Confronts him with the armies of the East !
Make not a home within your hearts, my sons,
For strifes so cruel, nor the broad thews, she bred,
Bend at your country's bosom. And thou first
Forbear, who from Olympus dost derive,
Fling from thine hand the weapons, O my blood !
He yonder to the Capitol on high
Shall drive his victor chariot, triumphing
O'er Corinth, for Achæan slaughter famed.
He Argos and Mycenæ shall uproot,
City of Agamemnon, and the heir
Of Æacus himself, from war-renowned
Achilles sprung, his ancestors of Troy
Avenging and Minerva's outraged shrine

Who thee, great Cato, would to silence leave,
Or thee, O Cossus? who the Gracchan clan,
Or the two Scipios, thunderbolts of war,
The bane of Libya, or Fabricius
Puissant in poverty, or thee, Serranus,
Sowing amid the furrow? I am spent,
And whither whirl ye me, O Fabii?
Thou art that Maximus, our mightiest, who
Alone by loitering dost the State restore.
Others the breathing brass shall softlier mould,
I doubt not, draw the lineaments of life
From marble, at the bar plead better, trace
With rod the courses of the sky, or tell
The rise of stars: remember, Roman, thou
To rule the nations as their master: these
Thine arts shall be, to engrast the law of peace,
Forbear the conquered, and war down the proud.'

So Sire Anchises in their wondering ears
Spake, and yet further: 'How Marcellus strides,
Look you, conspicuous with the splendid spoils,
Triumphant, and o'ertowering all men! he
Shall stay Rome's empire, when invasion's storm
Beats fiercely, ride the Carthaginian down,
Ay, and the rebel Gaul, and dedicate
To Sire Quirinus the thrice-taken spoils.'
And here Æneas, for at his side he saw
A youth of peerless form in radiant arms
Pacing, but with unjoyful brow, and glance
Dejected: 'Who is he, my sire, who thus

Attends the hero as he steps? A son,
Or later offspring of his mighty race?
What buzzing crowds about them! his own mould
How mighty! but black night around his head
Hovers with gloomy shade.' Then Sire Anchises
With starting tears began: 'Seek not, my son,
To know thy kin's vast sorrow; him to earth
Fate shall but show, nor grant a longer stay.
Too potent in your eyes, O gods, had seemed
The Roman stock, were such gifts given to keep.
What wail of heroes shall that field of Mars
Waft to his mighty city! what funeral-train
Shalt thou behold, O Tiber, as thy stream
Flows by the new-made tomb! No boy e'er bred
Of Ilian race shall to such height of hope
Uplift his Latian sires, nor e'er the soil
Of Romulus so boast her of a son.
Mourn for his goodness, for his old-world faith,
His hand in war unconquered! Man to man,
None could have grappled him unscathed, on foot
Strode he against the foeman, or with spur
Goaded the red flanks of his foaming steed.
O boy, our sorrow, if any way thou couldst
Burst the harsh bonds that doom thee, thou shalt be
Marcellus. Bring me lilies with full hands,
The bright flowers let me strew, these gifts at least
Heap o'er his shade, and the vain tribute pay.'

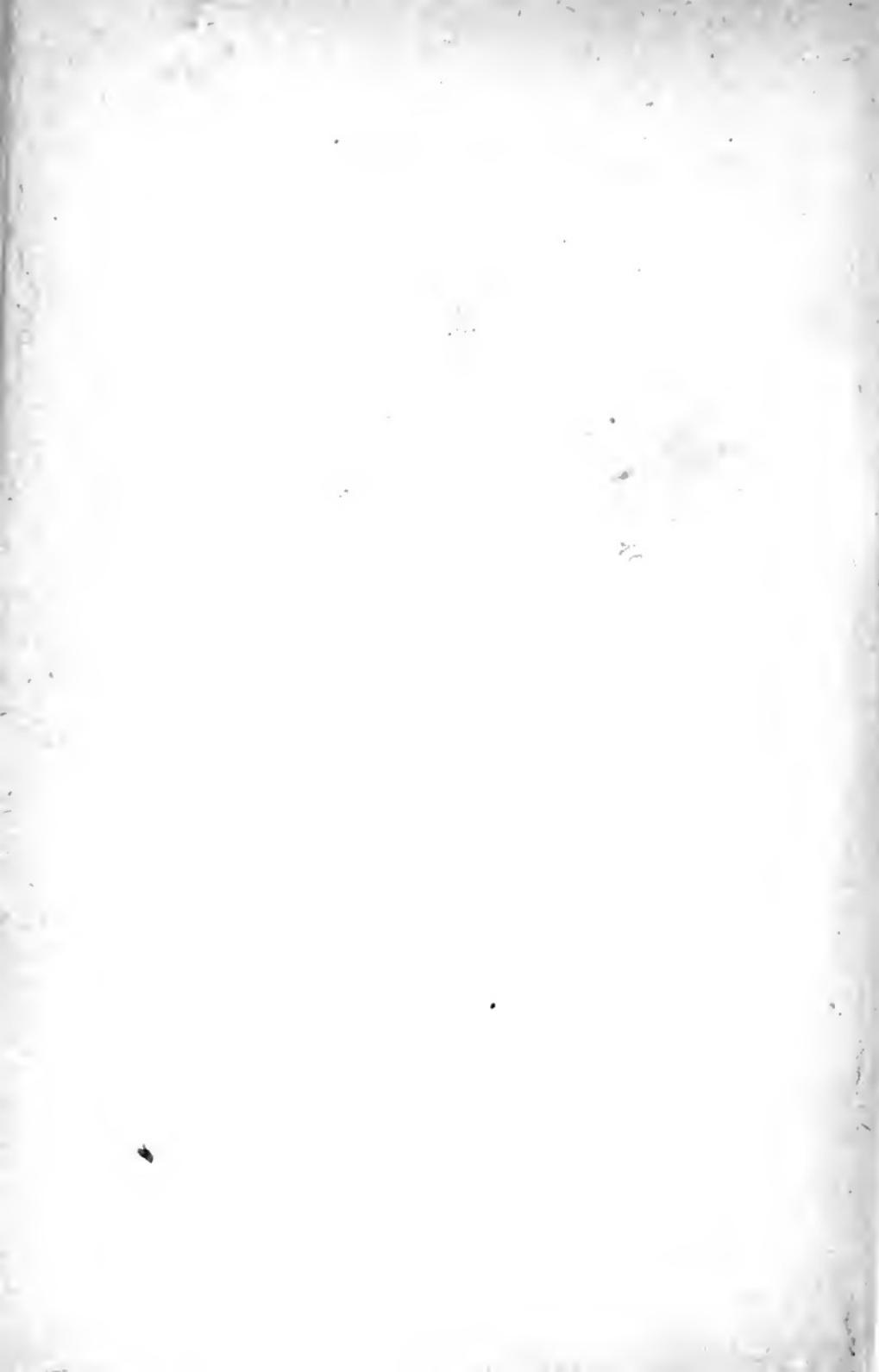
So here and there, through the whole realm of mist,
In its broad fields they roam, surveying all.

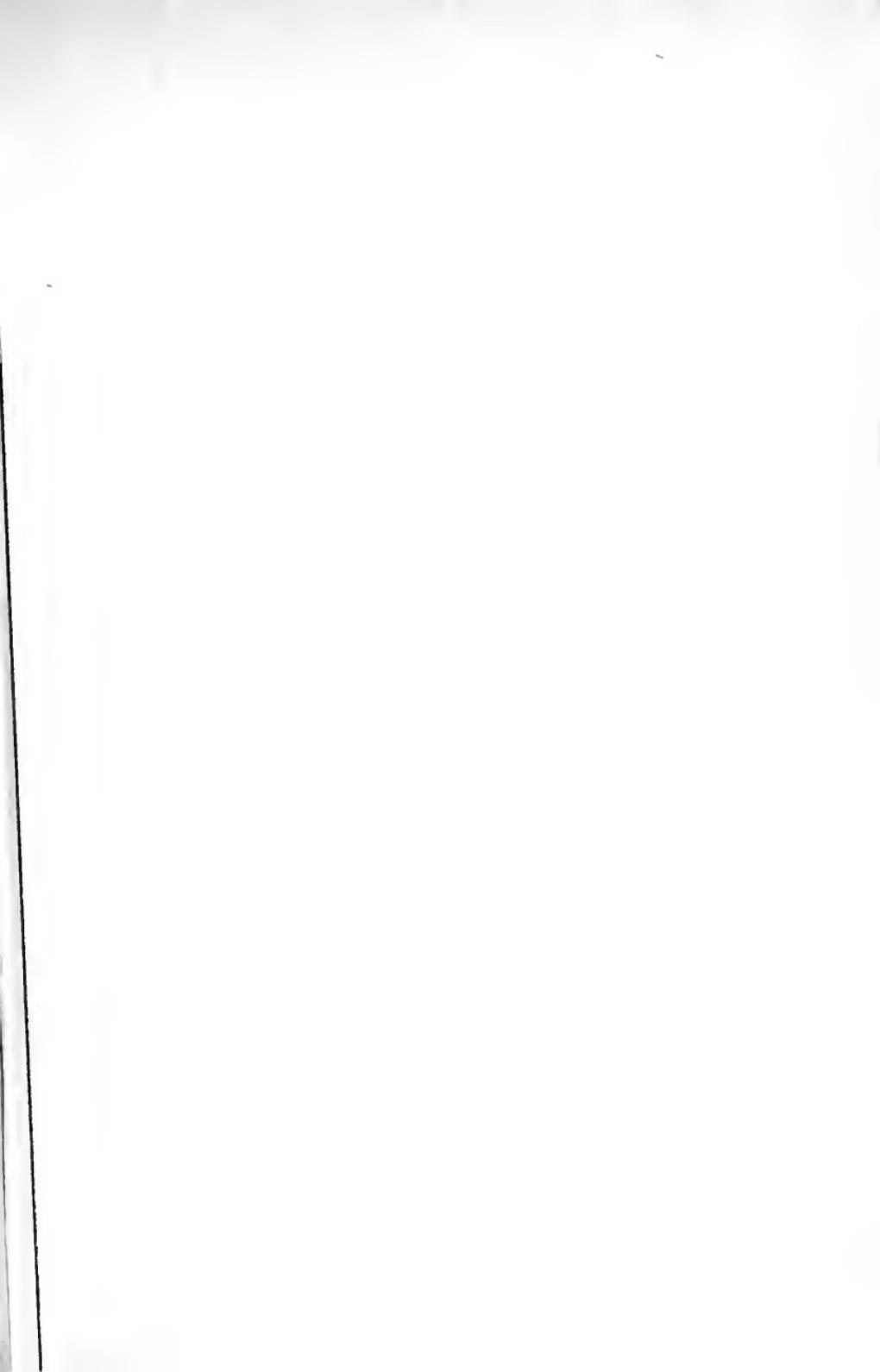
And when Anchises had from end to end
Guided his son, and fired his soul with love
Of future fame, thereafter he makes known
What wars must next be waged, and teaches him
Of tribes Laurentian, and Latinus' town,
And how to shan or suffer every toil.

There are twin gates of Sleep, whereof the one
Of horn is rumoured, and real spirits thereby
Win easy outlet ; the other finished fair
Of gleaming ivory, but false dreams are thence
Sent by the Manes to the world above.

There with these words Anchises, following forth
His son and eke the Sibyl, sees them pass
Out at the ivory gate : the hero speeds
Fleetward, returning to his friends, then steers
Straight for Caieta's port along the shore :
The prows drop anchor ; the sterns press the beach.









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Vergilius Maro, Publius
The Aeneid, books I-VI

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